

NOVEMBER, 1895. VOL. XIII. NO. 11.

The Northwest



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In this Issue: { The University of Idaho.
Adventures with Grizzlies.
How the Ghost was Laid.

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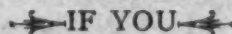
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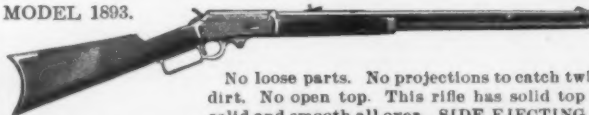
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VOL. XIII.—No. 11.

ST. PAUL, NOVEMBER, 1895.

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ADVENTURES WITH GRIZZLIES.

BY CHAS. PROSCH.

Among savage wild beasts there is not one that inspires the hunter or lone wayfarer with more terror than the grizzly bear. With a hide impervious to the bullet of the pistol or common rifle; a ferocity and courage surpassing those of lion or tiger; a strength equaled only by that of the elephant; a skill in parrying and giving blows to which a Corbett or a Sullivan cannot aspire (nay, Bruin can give these famous boxers points and knock them out in the first round, every time); claws which can be likened only to steel; and, withal, a tenaciousness possessed by few beasts, wild or tame, a California grizzly is to be shunned by all save infallible marksmen who have weapons that kill at a distance. Above all things, a close encounter is to be dreaded and avoided. No man ever felt the paw of a live grizzly and escaped without being maimed for life; no one ever escaped with life, save "by the skin of his teeth."

The most fearless and intrepid hunters of grizzlies are the California vaqueros. With no other weapons than knives and horse-hair lariats, two vaqueros, mounted on swift and well-trained ponies, with trees convenient, will lasso a grizzly, one by a forefoot and the other by a hindfoot, drag him to a tree, bind him firmly by circling around it, then dismount and leisurely and coolly cut his throat. This is said to be a common pastime with some of the hardy vaqueros of California. While safe for them, it would be attended with much risk if attempted by men unskilled in lassoing and in the management of their horses, two things in which the natives of California excelled before the American cowboy acquired renown in the same field. A single vaquero is said to have sometimes accomplished this feat unaided. This simply shows that a lariat, in the hands of one skilled in its use, is more reliable than a rifle in the hands of even a practiced marksman.

In 1853, while stopping at the Niantic Hotel, in San Francisco, it was the fortune of the writer to meet many of the earlier Californians; among them several who had found homes in that State long before the discovery of gold. Mr. E. I. Armstrong, the proprietor of the Niantic, was one of the most entertaining and genial men I ever had the pleasure of meeting. He seemed

always in a happy frame of mind, was extremely jocular, and enlivened his house by his exuberant spirits. If any of his guests had met with adventures, in the mines or elsewhere, and Armstrong got an inkling of it, he was sure to draw the particulars out of them. There were few men then in San Francisco who could not tell interesting stories, laughable or serious, of adventures on land or water, and our genial host was well aware of this fact.

One day, about an hour after dinner, while Armstrong and a few guests were conversing and smoking in the sitting-room, two strangers entered and asked if they could get something to eat. "Certainly," replied the host, and he proceeded at once to give the requisite order.

The two strangers, as afterward appeared, were neither friends nor acquaintances. Chance brought them to the hotel together. They were men whom one would naturally turn to look at a second time; they would excite curiosity anywhere.

One was of medium height and apparently about thirty-five years of age. He seemed by some means to have lost nearly one-half his face—the right cheek being hollow and the jaw-bone absent. The eyes (dark, bright and piercing) and nose were as nature made them. His step was nervous and quick; his figure rather spare, but lithe and supple.

The other stranger was about five feet ten inches in height, weighed, perhaps, 180 pounds, and was peculiar in that, while he looked quite youthful, his hair was of the silvery whiteness which betokened threescore years and upwards. He did not seem twenty-five years old, and one was puzzled to reconcile his apparent years with his abundant snow-white locks.

The smaller man entered his name on the hotel register as Richard Morris, of Mariposa; the other registered Joel Adams, of Martinez. While they were eating, in another room, comments and speculations were indulged as to their appearance and character, in which all betrayed a marked interest.

Having finished their dinner, the strangers returned to the sitting-room and joined the other guests. When they were seated Armstrong turned to Morris and said, as if he had not previously noticed the latter's facial disfigurement: "Hello! been having a scrimmage with bandits?"

"Worse than that," replied Morris, laconically.

"If it wasn't bandits," continued Armstrong, "and it is not an impertinent question, I would like to know who got away with half your face."

"A grizzly," Morris said.

"A grizzly!" exclaimed Armstrong, in a tone of surprise. "That grizzly left you in bad shape. You ought to tackle another grizzly and get him to bite off the remaining cheek."

"Thank you," replied Morris. "I have no use for any more grizzlies."

"Tell us how it happened," Armstrong said, in pleased anticipation of an interesting story.

"A year ago," Morris answered, "I was one of a company of six miners on the Merced, working in partnership. From time to time, as our camp got out of fresh meat, one of the party would devote a day to hunting, and invariably succeeded in getting one or two deer. The last time it became my turn I started, as on previous occasions, equipped with rifle, long hunting-knife, shot and bullet-pouch and powder horn, with ample ammunition. There had been no scarcity of deer, hitherto, and I left the camp in the best of spirits, telling the boys I should return early in the afternoon.

"Making my way up the valley, through chaparral and other brush, with here and there a redwood tree, in an hour I reached a spot which I thought favorable to my purpose. It was a half-acre, well shaded, through which a little rivulet, whose fountain-head was a spring in the brush, meandered to the river. My first thought on reaching it was, 'What a splendid place for a picnic!' If it was good for a picnic, I reasoned, it should also be good for deer, for they seek just such spots. So there I took my stand, partially concealed by the brush. Having seen tracks that indicated the recent visits of the game I sought, I felt confident that my hopes would speedily be realized. I had not long to wait. Sooner than I expected a rustling of the brush was heard. Eagerly looking in the direction whence the noise proceeded, I watched for the appearance of the deer. My hopes were destined to receive a fearful shock. The deer I looked for proved to be a grizzly, and he assumed immense proportions to my startled gaze. Moreover, he seemed to be looking for me, for he came straight in my direction. Seeing that it was impossible to avoid him, for he would soon have overtaken me if I had attempted to run, I gave him the contents of my rifle. It only accelerated his movements. I had barely time to club my rifle before he was upon me. With one paw he sent the rifle spinning a hundred feet in the brush; with the other he seized me by the left shoulder and drew me toward him. I felt his hot breath upon my face while I quickly drew my knife. From that moment I only remember striking out wildly, blindly, desperately;—then I became unconscious.

When I again opened my eyes I was lying, with my face in bandages, in my bunk at the camp. I

did not instantly realize what had befallen me, and, in almost inarticulate voice, asked what was the matter. One of my partners told me that, having quit work earlier than usual, as good luck would have it, he and two others started out to join me; they didn't know but I might want help to carry in the game. Knowing the direction I had taken, they were not long reaching the scene of my encounter with Bruin, whom they found dead, with my knife in his heart. My inanimate body lay between his forelegs. Though covered with blood and badly wounded, they saw that no vital part had been reached by the claws or teeth of the bear. They carried me to the camp and dispatched a messenger for a surgeon, who dressed my wounds while I was yet unconscious. My jaw was broken in three places, and had to be removed. That, in a few words as I can tell it, is how I happen to be in my present condition. I am accustomed to one jaw now, and hardly miss its mate."

Morris' auditors were so deeply impressed with his thrilling narrative that, for a few moments, not a word was spoken. Several took a second look at his face, as if to fix its condition in their minds. Finally Armstrong remarked:

"That bear has left his mark on you, sure enough; but you got even with him. There is some comfort in that thought. I shouldn't suppose you would have any desire to meet another grizzly."

"No, I have not," replied Morris.

"Nor would I, after such experience as you have had," Armstrong continued. "But perhaps Mr. Adams is not so particular," he added, turning to that gentleman, who looked not unlike a professional hunter, of whom there were then a number who supplied San Francisco with venison and other game.

"Yes, I am, sir," replied Adams. "I have no more love for grizzlies than Mr. Morris has."

"What!" Armstrong exclaimed, in well-feigned surprise, "have you also met a grizzly?"

"Yes," was the reply; "but I was more fortunate than Mr. Morris."

"I don't know what put it into my head," Armstrong said, with a broad smile, "but the thought occurred to me, from the color of your hair, that you had been dallying with a grizzly or some equally gentle animal. When, how and where did it happen?"

"Only three months ago, on Mount Diablo," said Adams. "Accompanied by a friend named Parker, I started on a hunt for rabbits, quail, or any small game that might be found. After ascending the mountain some distance we came to a dense growth of chaparral, which looked as if it might conceal what I was hunting for. Here and there was an opening in the brush which had an inviting appearance. Approaching one of these openings, or trails, I suggested to Parker that he proceed a short distance on the outside while I explored the interior.

"For a few yards, after entering, I walked upright, parting the branches on either side; then I was forced to stoop, to avoid the higher limbs; finally I was compelled to get upon my knees and crawl, drawing my gun after me with one hand. Before me was a labyrinth of deeply-shaded passages, some wide, some narrow, and all crooked. In some of these the light was very dim, being shut out by the thick foliage. I chose the widest of these passages and followed it for ten or twelve yards, when it seemed to end abruptly a few feet in advance of the point I had reached. For a moment I thought of returning, then concluded to proceed to the end. Before reaching what was thought to be the end, I discovered that the passage there formed an acute angle, and so continued on in the hope of yet meeting something to compensate me for my trouble. When I got to the turn in the trail, I raised my eyes to see if anything was visible ahead. Not

more than twenty feet distant was a full-grown grizzly. He was coming toward me, but stopped when he saw me. He looked at me and I looked at him. I was paralyzed; he was surprised. I don't think he was frightened, but I know that I was. For the space of sixty seconds (it seemed at the time like sixty minutes) we surveyed each other; then he slowly backed out of sight, keeping his eyes upon me until a turn in the trail shut out his view. Not until he disappeared did I feel safe. I was completely in his power, and could have made no more resistance than a newborn babe—if he had attacked me.

"I lost no time getting out of my uncomfortable quarters. When I emerged from the chaparral I looked around for Parker and saw him standing a few rods distant. I hailed him. As he approached me I saw a strange expression in his face, as if something unusual had occurred since we parted.

"What have you been doing to your hair?" he asked.

"My hair!" I replied. "Nothing. Why do you ask?"

"Why," Parker observed, "your hair is as white as snow, and makes you look like a man who has grown old suddenly."

"Then I recalled my emotions while confronting the grizzly, and concluded that Parker was

not jesting. But I was curious to see myself in a glass, and embraced the first opportunity of doing so. Sure enough; it was as he said. I had, in a moment, grown prematurely old. Until I came face to face with that bear my hair was dark—many people called it black; in one minute, or while we—the bear and I—stared at each other, it turned white as you see it now."

"Well," said Armstrong, after a brief silence, "that is the quickest case of hair-bleaching I ever heard of. What do you think caused the bear to back out. A grizzly never did so before."

"Being on my hands and knees is what saved me. Bruin never saw so odd-looking an animal before, and was naturally puzzled at the sight. If I had been standing erect when he first saw me, I would not be alive today to tell of my adventure."

COLLIDED WITH A BUZZARD.—A buzzard was attracted by the headlight of a passenger engine running on the Louisville & Nashville one night recently, it is reported, and in the resulting collision the headlight exploded, covered the front of the engine with flame and scared the engineer, who made an emergency stop that shook up and scared all the passengers. After the panic the burned body of the buzzard was found wedged in the broken headlight.



"Again in dashing foam I see
The 'Eagle Fall' leap gracefully."

AT HARRISON LAKE (B. C.).

I sit, and in the twilight dream
I see again the sunlight gleam
Upon the far-off mountain-lake
Whose waters into ripples break
Upon a graveled, crescent beach—
Or mirror in each sheltered reach
The rocky heights that hem it in.

Again I hear the echoes' call
Back from each adamant wall;
Again in dashing foam I see
The "Eagle Fall" leap gleefully—

To find itself, at last, at rest
Within the blue lake's peaceful breast;
While fair "Cascade" its tribute brings—
A veil of silver spray it flings
Adown the moss-grown, time-old walls,
Where scarce a human footstep falls.

Again I launch my dainty boat,
And swiftly scull, or idly float,
While, like the dolphin, dies the day.
The splendor fades. Wierd shadows play
Upon each forest-belted height.
Then darkness comes, and it is night.

EMMA SHAW COLCLEUGH.

WILD FLOWERS OF NORTH DAKOTA.

Third Article.

By B. S. Russell.

July, August and September are prolific in a great variety of flora, more so than any other months of the year, and the prevailing color is yellow; yet, with all nature's love of variety, this prevailing color is not only shaded, but here and there are found many plants of the different shades of purple and a few of the shades of crimson.

In July and August the large family of asters are found all over the rolling prairies. Some of these are small; yet, on close examination, they are found to possess great beauty in the plant, the leaf, and the flower. They are seldom found growing in clusters, but in individual plants.

Another beautiful flower that is seen from the middle of July almost through the entire month of August, is known locally as the "wheat weed," because practical experience has told us that, whenever it is found, the soil is well adapted to the cultivation of wheat, the staple crop of North Dakota. The plant grows to the height of twelve to fifteen inches, throwing out slender branches at the end of which appears a small, purple flower, very minute, but of exquisite beauty. The stalk and leaves of the plant are light gray in color, not quite so dark as the sage plant, and large patches of them, found scattered over the wild prairie, quickly attract the eye of the lover of flowers by the contrast of its modest purple blossom with the color of the leaves and branches. Other and coarser plants are found in blossom at the same time with this, and experience has told the observer that they indicate a sandy or coarse gravel soil, and thus it is that their flowers, as well as their leaves and stalk, possess many points of interest to the close observer.

Few of these, however, possess sufficient beauty or fragrance to warrant their being plucked as ornaments of the sideboard or breakfast table—except, perhaps, the wheat flowers, which, blended with the wild rose, the wild chrysanthemum—also found in great plenty at this time—and the *lepacys columnaris*, the snow-berry and the gorgeous golden-rod, contrasts most beautifully, by their delicate shades of purple and white, with the gorgeous yellow of those named.

The *lepacys columnaris*, above referred to, is found in great profusion everywhere in North Dakota, especially so in the wild rolling prairies. It is not found at all east of the Mississippi, and probably belongs to the family of the wild sunflower, which, like the "Black-Eyed Susan" (*Rhizoma*), as it is familiarly and pleasantly called by plowmen and others, flowers during these months and is known to the botanist as parts of that family, of which there are six or eight varieties to be found, in a drive of a few hours, almost anywhere on the prairie.

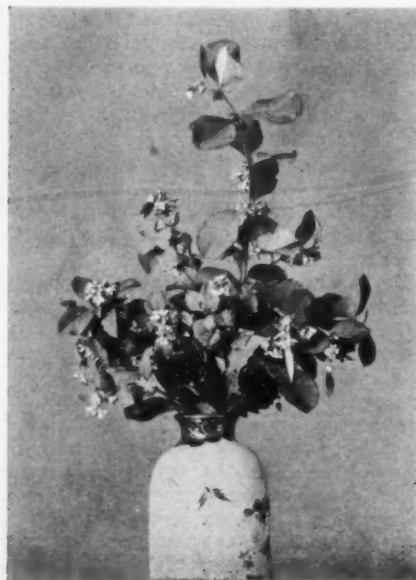
The snow-berry, commonly called "badger brush," is a small bush growing most abundantly and everywhere. Its flowers appear on each stalk in great profusion as well as great beauty, and contrast well with the deep, rich green of its leaves. They continue in bloom many weeks, and sometimes many acres of the wild prairie will be covered by this plant, which grows to an average height of two feet—sometimes attaining a height of three feet. The blossom is followed by a white berry (hence its name), and by many the plant is known as the "partridge berry." Fifty years ago and more this bush was most highly esteemed and sought for in the Eastern States and was known as the "wax plant," and was planted in gardens and yards and carefully nurtured. It is probable that, like the wild rose,

its matured seeds, found in its white berry, furnished food for the prairie chicken, grouse, and other birds that inhabit the prairie. This bush is a terror to the plowman when he breaks the tough sod of the prairie. It requires the strength of a team of four stout horses and a strong, steel-pointed plow to turn a furrow through a patch of this brush. The tenacity of life in its roots is remarkable. I have seen successive crops of



GOLDEN-ROD.

wheat grown on ground where it grew, and the plant did not appear at all while the ground was yearly cultivated; but if, from any cause, the ground rested two or three years, or was abandoned, as many free claims have been, the plant took entire possession of the soil as if every piece of the root, however small, had retained its vitality during these years. When badgers lived unmolested on the prairie, they burrowed on the



BADGER BRUSH, OR WAX-PLANT.

small knolls seemingly in colonies, and threw out the rich subsoil that underlies the rolling prairie and which, in a few weeks, dissolves its rich constituents and makes an excellent food for all vegetation. This bush has grown in greatest strength and abundance on these abandoned colonies, and from this has come the local name of "badger brush."

No. 3 is the well-known and much admired golden-rod, of which there are at least ten varieties. It begins to appear about the middle of July and continues in its several varieties until winter sets in. The earliest varieties grow from eight to ten inches high and the later ones from three to four feet, and they are found during their entire season, on the sideboards and elsewhere in every family fond of bouquets of flowers. The delicate, fragrant odor they emit, makes them a great favorite. It is often gathered and used by families for domestic use as a yellow dye, as it gives a fast and enduring color.

It is a constant and instructive lesson to any one who drives over the prairies to notice the beauty and great variety of the flora with which they are adorned and to admire the wisdom, goodness and love of the Creator who planted and constantly nurtures them.

PREHISTORIC RACES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Principal Hill-Tout, of Vancouver, has lately made some very interesting contributions to the Smithsonian Institute in reference to the prehistoric races of British Columbia. It seems clear, from his researches and careful examinations of ancient skulls found in and near the kitchen deposits found along the shores of the Frazer River estuary, that the earliest race which inhabited the British Columbian Coast was long-headed, and apparently of Esquimaux type. The present inhabitants of the coast and island districts are, on the other hand, short-headed and also flat-headed, and it seems clear that the present natives migrated from the inner country about Shuswap Lake and drove out, and practically exterminated, the long-headed and less warlike Esquimaux aboriginals of the coast, for it is certain that today the native race of the district is short-headed and belongs to a race called by Dr. Boas, the eminent antiquarian, the Salishan nation. Mr. Hill-Tout has found many interesting weapons and household implements of the most ancient stock, and furnished the Royal Society of Canada with data which go far to prove that the expulsion of the Esquimaux tribesmen of the coast took place about the time of Julius Caesar. In some instances, in addition to earth deposits above the primeval remains, showing a probable growth of many long centuries, there are found superimposed giant firs and cedars which themselves evidently took several centuries to grow, and have undoubtedly been dead for a long period.—*New Westminster (B. C.) Columbian*.

A MOVING MOUNTAIN.

This Province, says the Vancouver (B. C.) *World*, is stated to have a moving mountain. It rises near the Cascades, a gigantic mass of dark basalt six or eight miles long, 2,000 feet high and with a three-pronged pinnacle to tempt the adventurous. Year by year this mountain is moving down towards the river, and some day it will dam it and form a vast lake. The forests at its foot are being gradually pushed beneath the water, and are fringed with submerged stumps. The railway that runs along it has been displaced to the extent, in parts, of ten feet within a few years. The cause of the phenomenon is supposed to be a gradual subsidence of the soft sandstone at the base of the mountain, which is continually washed away by the swiftly-flowing waters of the Columbia River.



Berries and Bears.

"People who have been to the great huckleberry patch on the mountains above Lake Blaine," says the Kalispell (Mont.) *Inter-Lake*, "say that there are tons and tons of nice, big, ripe huckleberries there. There are also tons of nice, big, fat, pacific bears eating the berries. If you go after the berries it is about as well to take a Gatling gun with you. Not that the bears would trouble you, but just to give you a feeling of being prepared for emergencies."

Pleasures of Prospecting.

The hope that "springs eternal in the human breast" has ample illustration in the lives of hardy mountain prospectors. One of the old-time prospectors who has spent years in the Rocky Mountains, speaks as follows of his calling to a representative of the Butte (Mont.) *Mining World*:

"It's the prettiest work I ever did," he said. "It's the fascination of it—when you have struck it pretty rich and see your gold right in front of you; when you are piling it up every hour in the day—with a nugget, now and then, as big as a bullet to cheer you; and then, when evening comes you can count it up, and find it worth hundreds of dollars, just picked up out of the earth in one day! I tell you there is nothing like it. Then, when you don't strike it, you can always think you are going to the very next day; and it is just as exciting hearing other men tell in the evening what they pulled out during the day as to count your own. Why, I have gone for months at a time without making a dollar and without a cent in my pocket, but the excitement of the work doesn't give a man time to realize how hard up he is."

Emphasizing His Dissent.

The Boulder (Mont.) *Age* tells the story of a recent elopement down in Madison County, in that State, wherein a certain county official and a young school-girl left Pony at 11 o'clock in the evening and drove to Virginia City, where they arrived at 7 o'clock the next morning. The young lady, who has been attending school away from home, usually spent her vacation with a married sister who resides in Pony—who, together with her husband, objected strongly to said county official's attentions. It had been arranged by the young lady's relatives that she should return to her home in Granite at once. Her trunk was packed for the trip and she was to leave the following Monday; but, while she apparently acquiesced to this plan, she had made other arrangements—which culminated in her marriage. Shortly after the ceremony had been performed, the newly-made husband sent the following telegram to his wife's brother-in-law:

"We were married this morning. Send Mary's trunk."

To which the following brief, but expressive, reply was received by wire a few hours later:

"Trunk in the street. Raining like h—!"

A Grotesque Scene.

The Spokane (Wash.) *Chronicle* notes a grotesque scene that was witnessed recently in the streets of that city. Seated upon a hearse drawn by four frisky cayuses, was a dignified-looking Indian and his equally dignified squaw, both looking as proud as a small boy wearing his first

pair of pants. On the inside of this remarkable conveyance could be seen, through the glass sides, six papooses of all sizes and conditions, who, utterly oblivious of the somber character of the rig, were playfully rolling over each other and pulling each other's hair in a manner similar to a litter of pups.

From the proud possessor of the hearse, who could talk pretty fair English, it was learned that he was a sub-chief of the Nez Perces tribe and was on his way to visit some friendly Indians up north. From the money that he had recently received from the Government as his and his family's share of the Reservation, he had purchased the hearse from a Lewiston undertaker. He seemed to have no idea of the character of the vehicle on which he was riding, but had seen it at Lewiston, and, desiring to possess it, he soon struck a bargain with the undertaker and drove it over to his ranch on the Reservation, where he was at once the envy of his brother redskins.

An Unexpected Champion.

While a freight train was lying over at a small mountain station in Montana, the engineer borrowed a shotgun and started out for a hunt. He was about returning to his train when a cow made her appearance. Before he realized that there was any danger, the *Avant Courier* of Bozeman (Mont.) says, the animal made a rush at him, and he ran with all his speed. But the cow was a better racer and in a few minutes caught him by his clothing, splitting his coat from waist to collar and tossing him into the air. Getting to his feet as quickly as possible he dodged behind a tree, and then, to his dismay, found that the gun-barrel was bent so as to be useless.

The next ten minutes were very lively ones. The cow chased the engineer round and round the tree, and when he got a chance to hit her with the gun-barrel it only seemed to enrage her the more. It was only a question of time when he would succumb to fatigue, when a diversion occurred which saved his life. An angry snort was heard, and a big elk appeared upon the scene, head down and prepared for a fight. The cow was so mad by this time that she was ready for anything, and in another moment the two animals dashed at each other. The engineer watched the combat for a few minutes, until prudence suggested that he should make a retreat while he could. He regained the train in safety and never knew the outcome of the battle, but the presumption is that the elk was the victor.

Love on Mount Rainier.

Henry Carter, the famous Mount Rainier guide, has fallen in love under romantic circumstances and will be married by Rev. William M. Jeffries, the preacher who delivered the first sermon on the top of the mountain. There is a possibility that Carter will be married where he fell in love,—on the summit of the mountain,—with the thermometer registering twenty degrees below zero. He is to marry Cora Beachman, a school-teacher and the belle of Lake Park, a suburb of Tacoma.

Miss Beachman, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Groe, of Eatonville, set out recently with Carter, the most trusted of all the mountain guides, to ascend Mount Rainier. At Gibraltar Rock, which corresponds to the "shoulder" of the Matterhorn, 4,000 feet from the summit, Mrs. Groe became exhausted. Miss Beachman declared her intention to reach the summit at all hazards. Carter led the way, but soon lost his ice ax, and in scaling difficult passes they were compelled to rely solely on their alpenstocks. They did not reach the summit until 6 P. M., too late to attempt the descent that night. They had left Paradise Valley, below the snow line, without wraps and with only a lemon and one sand-

wich each in the way of provisions. Carter selected a sheltered ice-cave formed by jets of steam from the crater, and there they passed a sleepless night, discussing all sorts of topics, and before they left the summit at 9 A. M., the morning following, Miss Beachman had promised to marry the guide.

The instant they left the steam of the ice-cave their clothes were frozen stiff, and they suffered great hardships in descending. A rescue party, organized during the day, came to their relief late in the afternoon, after they had been without food for over twenty-four hours.

Early-Day Life in the West.

In these days of comparative abundance and general prosperity it is somewhat difficult to even imagine the hardships and privations to which many of the pioneers of Montana were subjected, and at the same time to realize how uncomplainingly they accepted the inevitable and not infrequently turned their very privations into an apparent source of jest and levity. A case in point recurs to us at this instant:

It was during the hard winter of 1864-5, when flour and many other necessities of life were so scarce and high throughout the entire Territory as to place them absolutely beyond the reach of many, and especially of those recent arrivals with limited means, who had been unable to get employment. Those settlements remote from the mining camps were perhaps subjected to the greatest privations, and the few residents of the little hamlet of Bozeman and the struggling settlers throughout the Gallatin Valley were, in quite a number of instances, reduced to "meat straight," while not a few were reduced to even greater straits.

Joe Connell, who kept "bachelor's hall" in a rude little cabin, was among the latter, as his larder was reduced to the single article of dried apples, on which exclusive luxury he managed to keep soul and body together, and apparently on amicable terms, for several weeks. It was customary in those days for neighbors to pay social visits to each other, bachelors as most of them were. John A— happened to drop into Joe Connell's cabin, one day, and found the occupant cooking his regular mess of dried apples—pretty hard-looking fruit, too, they were in those days. After the usual commonplace salutations, both, of course, in the best of humor, John took occasion to suggest to Joe that he might save considerable fuel and live more economically than he was doing.

"How is that?" queried Joe.

"Well," says John, "you ought to eat your dried apples without cooking, for breakfast, then drink water for dinner and let them swell for supper."

Joe enjoyed the joke hugely, but whether he acted upon the suggestion or not we never were informed.

This reminds us of another story we heard many years ago about the late Col. C. A. Broadwater. It was while he was train boss of the Diamond R outfit, and, of course, years before he became the leading banker and foremost citizen of Helena. He was camped, with his freight-train, for the night on the Big Bend of Milk River, and, with his men, had just finished eating supper, which consisted of the regulation fare—Missouri bacon, salaratus bread, coffee, and dried apples for dessert. Jumping suddenly to his feet and squaring himself to his full height and dignity, he said: "Well, I'll be blamed if I'm going to stay much longer in a country where dried apples are a luxury!"

The writer could tell some amusing incidents about experiments made by some good housewives in those early days in their laudable efforts to provide table luxuries for the better entertainment of their casual or invited guests. We shall

not attempt to say what were occasionally used as substitutes for butter, eggs, flavoring extracts, etc., but we were at one time called upon to assist in the proper disposition of a "bride's cake" that forcibly reminded us of a mixture of Utah flour, Minnesota sawdust and Spaulding's glue, flavored with German cologne and baked in a Dutch oven. —*Bozeman (Mont) Chronicle.*

Full of Years and Adventures.

Among the arrivals in the city yesterday, says the *Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer*, was a man who had never before seen a railroad train nor a telegraph line. He was a white man, too; a man of intelligence, and one who had traveled as many miles as most men of his age. It was Richard Willoughby, familiarly known as "Professor" Willoughby, one of the most picturesque characters of the Northwest. He came in yesterday from Juneau, Alaska, on the steamship *Willapa*, and after spending a few hours in the city, took passage for Tacoma, whence he proceeded on his way to San Francisco to consummate the sale of a rich mine discovered by him on Admiralty Island.

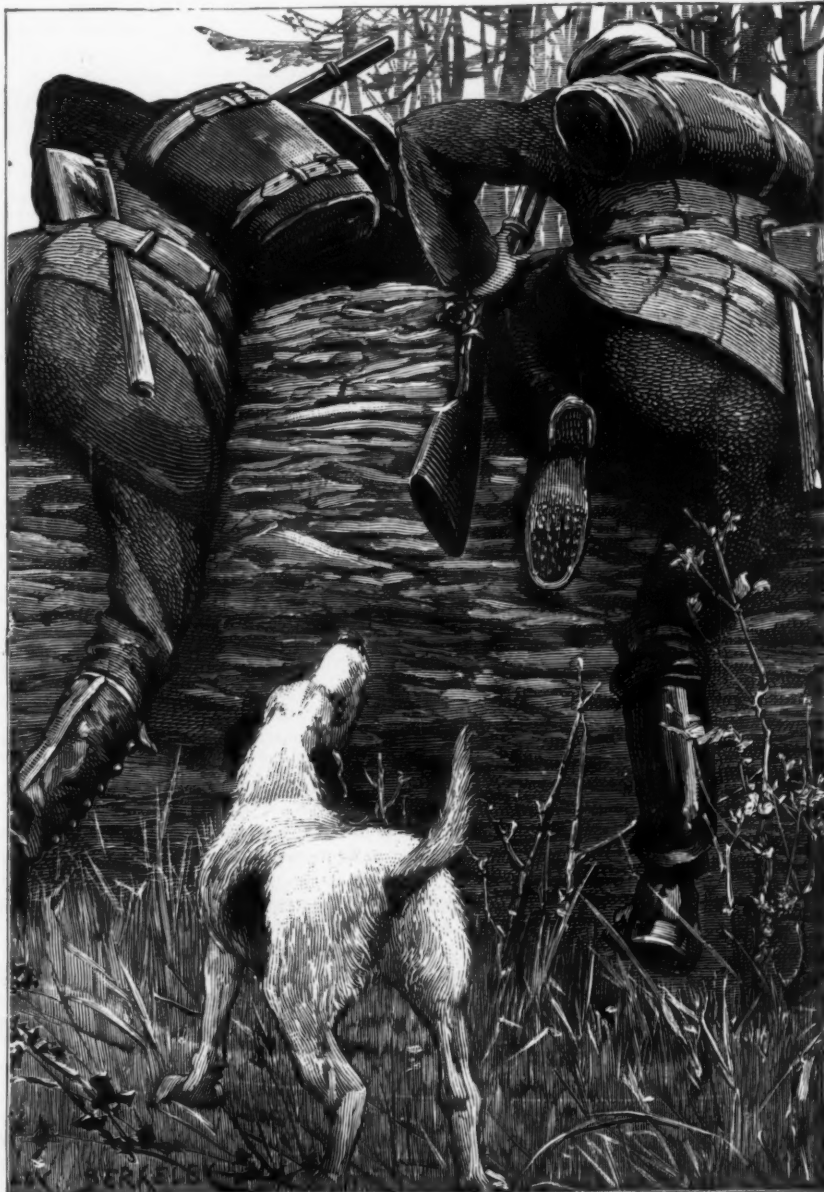
The sights and sounds of a civilization to which he has been a stranger for nearly half a century were, of course, a revelation to him; nor was he himself a less interesting object to those who met him. His appearance is such as to attract attention anywhere. He is five feet eleven inches tall and weighs about 165 pounds. Though slim of frame he is erect, despite his three-score years and ten, and his muscles have been made hardy and vigorous by his many conflicts with Indians, wild beasts, and wind and weather. He has a long, gray beard, and, until yesterday morning, wore his hair long. The latter he had cut here, and when the white ends had disappeared his close-cut hair was almost jet-black, making him look far younger.

Mr. Willoughby came out to California among the forty-niners, but, leaving that State before its present name was adopted, he pushed his way northward to the Fraser River, and has since mined and prospected from that stream as far north as Cook's Inlet. He is known the entire length of the Alaskan and British Columbia Coast as "Prof. Willoughby," and is remarkable for his success in dealing with the Indians. He goes everywhere among them—alone, and knows all the chiefs personally.

It is needless to say that such a man has had a variety of remarkable adventures, but, of all the stories he has told, none, perhaps, has so challenged the credulity of ordinary mortals as that of "The Silent City," as he calls it. Ninety miles northwest of Juneau lies a great glacier,

miles in length, and with an abrupt face 300 feet in height. Standing on the summit of this ice mountain at midnight some years ago, the professor relates that he saw an indistinct figuring in the water beneath him which attracted his attention.

He returned at noon the next day, which chanced to be June 22, and there, far below the surface of the water, he saw plainly the streets and quaint buildings of an ancient city. What was still more strange, he saw, or thought he saw, the figures of people in the streets. He took a companion back with him, but the city was no longer to be seen. Several times he



DIFFICULTIES OF HUNTING IN THE FORESTS OF WESTERN WASHINGTON.

returned to the spot, but the strange view had vanished.

Once more, and this time on June 22, he chanced to be there, and once more, like John on Patmos, he saw the unearthly city. It occurred to him that only once a year did the sun reach the proper angle to give the vision. The next clear anniversary of that day, he took a friend, and, what was more, he took a camera. Together they photographed the buried city, and men who have seen them say that photographs from that negative are still to be had in Juneau, showing plainly the "turrets quaint with ivy blent of many a ruined battlement."

A Strange Story.

Good material for a novel may be found in a tale which comes from Hope, Steele County, this State. Miss Ellen Norman, living near there, was engaged to be married to Geo. Thompson, a prosperous young farmer, but her parents were strongly opposed to the match. In October, 1894, the girl was taken ill; October 24 she died; at least the doctors pronounced her dead, after subjecting her to numerous tests. The funeral was set for October 25. The body was kept over night in the Norman house. The only watcher was Mr. Thompson, who declared that he was not afraid of the disease, whatever it was. It was

due to his watching that the young woman is alive today. Thompson removed the lid of the coffin in order to gaze once more upon the face of his fiancée. He was startled to see the chest of the body in the casket rise and fall in a spasmodic way, as though the girl was gasping for breath. He wrapped the rigid form in a blanket, carried it to his house, returned to the Norman house, made up a dummy and closed the coffin. This was buried. After Miss Norman had been carried to the Thompson residence and a doctor had worked over her for several hours it became evident that she was simply in a trance. She remained delirious for several days. As she became stronger all was explained to her. About the middle of December Miss Norman was spirited away from Hope by Dr. Mullan and Mr. Thompson, and since that time she has been traveling in the South and West, where she has fully regained her health. The other day she returned to Hope as the bride of Thompson, the old folks were apprised of her being alive and well, the fatted calf and several other farm animals were killed, and they will doubtless live happily ever afterward. —*Bismarck (N. D.) Tribune.*

A Plucky Girl.

Sam Mason, of Cleveland, writing in the *Yakima, (Wash.) Argus*, tells an interesting incident that happened recently in Western Klickitat. Mr. Mason says: "Some time before harvest Mr. Reynolds, of Glenwood, was taken down sick and went to The Dalles for treatment, and has been there ever since, part of the time dangerously ill. His wife, who remained at home, was taken sick soon after Mr. Reynolds went away and has been bedfast most of the time. During this time harvest came on and no men were on the place to do it. In this emergency the courageous daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, a girl of some fifteen years, hitched the horses to the machine and cut the entire crop and hired men to put it up. She did it without growing ill, too, and now Mr. Reynolds knows that he has a jewel in the family. How is this for pluck?"

HOW THE GHOST WAS LAID.

By Sue O'Bannon Porter.

On every side of The Diamond Hitch rose the mountains—stretching their cloud-capped heads to gaze at the distant Sound; here and there in the sheltered gulches gleamed soft pencilings of snow, while their long, cool shadows lay across the little Washington coal camps below.

There was a feud in The Diamond Hitch between the Reinovskys and the Markavitches, the original cause of the quarrel being veiled in obscurity.

The rival families dwelt in adjoining company-houses, and, after the feud was once started, there was plenty of fuel found to feed the flames. The small Reinovskys took unholy delight in tying tin cans to the tail of the Markavitch cur and in pursuing the Markavitch swine with dippers of boiling water; while the little Markavitches amused themselves by filling the Reinovsky garden with beer bottles and powder-cans, and the Reinovsky soul with ineffectual wrath.

One evening, a Markavitch pig—was; in the morning the pig was not. Dark suspicion hovered about the Reinovsky vine and fig-tree, but the Reinovsky guilt could not be proven and the feud went on.

She was a quiet little woman, with pale, anemic coloring, clear-cut features and a quantity of faded blonde hair;—a humble little woman—the last in the world to have a "past."

Nevertheless, Mrs. Wachter had a past—a past so recent that it had hardly become a part of camp history; and it never would have come into my story had it not been for the ghost.

Being an orphan, poor and homeless (as a well-regulated orphan should be), Mrs. Wachter married young. Since then her life had not been spent upon a flowery bed of ease.

For the first year or so she and Wachter held down a claim near the newly-opened coal camps, tolling side by side at clearing and grubbing. Then a couple of cows were purchased, Wachter corralled a vagrant cayuse and bought a wagon, and the claim set up as a milk-ranch.

Wachter never could have been called an indulgent husband; and, besides, he was fond of gazing long on the wine when it was red—or brown—or amber, for that matter. Wachter was no stickler as to hue; it was effect at which he aimed, and it was usually Mrs. Wachter's tinted eyes that bore evidences of his success.

One night he came home late from The Diamond Hitch; so late that it was hardly night. He had been drinking heavily all day, and was in an unusually vicious mood. His wife, wise by experience, tried to escape unnoticed from the tiny shack, but Wachter saw the move and understood her intention. With a scream of rage he sprang toward her. The poor creature, half-crazed with fright and the black memory of the past, caught up a Winchester that stood near and pulled the trigger when the muzzle was almost against his head.

She was acquitted, of course. And yet, though she walked from the presence of the court a free woman, it was with the shadow of a haunting fear in her wide, blue eyes.

It was only a rumor, at first,—the faintest

breath of a rumor, the veritable mustard seed,—but it grew and flourished.

Tom Crabb saw, or thought he saw, a ghost. He had been coming up the track between the upper and the lower camps, one night, when something big and gray swept across in front of him just as he reached the first snow-shed.

"I reckon it must have been Wachter's ghost," some one suggested.

"Yes, it did look some like the d— Dutchman," Tom admitted, cheerfully.

It was several weeks after this, in the early gray of morning, that a sorry figure presented itself at the doctor's office. It was a long, lean black man with astonished eyes and mournful, drooping mouth. His face was smeared with blood that was still flowing from numerous cuts on his head and hands.

"Hi! Epps. So 'de razohs am a flyin' tro de aiah' dis mornin', eh?" said the company doctor, in a lame attempt at witticism.

"No, sah; no, sah," said the darkey, solemnly. "Hit's de good Gawd's truf I'se givin' yo,' doctah. Now, yo' recomembers de high trestle down de track? Well, sah, when I'se a trackin' hit up from de lowah camp dis ebenin', and got to dat trestle, hopen die, sah, ef a ghos' didn't rush aout from de sno' shaid en biff meh one in de haid! Yaas, sah, hones' to Gawd!—a ghos', sah!"

"Go way! Jim," said the doctor, skeptically, beginning some artistic work in white surgeons' plaster. "I'm afraid, boy, that you are a dreamer of dreams and a (just turn that breath of yours a trifle more to one side, it makes me dizzy) seer of visions."

The darkey chuckled appreciatively as the medical man finished his adhesive work and dismissed him with:

"Jim Epps, beware! 'Spirits' are more dangerous to your peace of mind than ghosts. 'Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging; but The Diamond Hitch beer stingeth like an adder and eateth up all thy innerds as well as thy cash'."

The doctor may have been a trifle lame on scriptural quotations, but Epps took them in all faith.

"Dat's so, doctah; dat's so," he said, retreating hurriedly.

Then, again, Karl Behrman, who had been Wachter's butt and boon companion, claimed that one night, coming up alone from the lower camp, he had just reached the snow-shed when a figure glided from the switch-box and kept along by his side for some time. Suddenly the figure stopped—directly in front of him, laid a cold, clammy hand upon his wrist and whispered, in Wachter's old, beery tones—

"Behrman, old boy, say 'when'." Of course, we took Behrman's story as he takes his beer—with a sprinkle of salt, yet it had its effect.

The ghost story grew and grew, and the fearful, haunted look deepened in Mrs. Wachter's eyes.

In the progress of time, the scene of the ghostly apparition traveled up along the track until, from the high trestling and snow-sheds, it had reached the tippie and was at last fairly settled in the heart of the upper camp. Mys-

terious noises were now reported in the old company boarding-house, that had now been empty nearly two years. There were rumors of wild groans, the sound of ghostly footsteps, the echo of uncanny voices, and in the "small hours" of the night there were visions of flitting lights. The unrighteous darkey girls, on Ethiopian Hill, refused to cross the track after dusk; and the threat of 'calling' Wachter's ghost was used with salutary effect on obstreperous children.

But there was one heretic in camp. Mara Reinovsky was skeptical as to that ghost.

Mara was a tan-colored infant of Polish extraction. She wore her wispy tan hair caught back tightly from her high, rounding forehead in a short, ragged braid that stretched to meet an equally short, ragged braid starting from the nape of the neck, the two being firmly spliced with white cord. This mode of coiffure gave her scraggly tan brows a supercilious lift. Her thin, colorless, unchildish lips closed in a straight line over a very limited supply of teeth, while two sharp, round eyes looked out from their respective sides of a straight, thin nose. She unfolded her skeptical views, one day, to Kerena Markavitch,—a little Slav with yellow hair, vivid coloring and round, dark, unthinking eyes,—as the two met on neutral grounds under the great fir that sheltered the rival houses:

"Say, Kereny, le's me an' you go into de ol' bordin' hous' en see wat we kin fin'," Mara proposed.

"Naw," drawled the little Slav, virtuously. "me moder 'd lick me. 'Sides, I's skeard de ghos'."

"Pooh!" scoffed Mara. "I don't believe der ez enny ghos'! An' wat ef yer mar do lick yer?—lickin' don't hurt only jist but er minnit. Oh, come on! Kereny. Say, I'll let yer chaw my gum, ef yer do."

The temptation was stronger than the Slavic principles.

It had been a hot day, but the sun was now beginning to drop behind the distant, purple mountains. The long, pine boarding-house had laid under the burning heat until its yellow, unpainted sides were streaked with fragrant, sticky pitch.

Once inside the building, the children found it warm and dark; warm as only an empty house can be, and dark, because the only light that reached the rooms filtered through windows gray with spider webs and coal-dust. Here and there a golden ray of light fell between the boards, and the dust, stirred up by the small, bare feet of the children, clung to the golden bar. The rough plank floor creaked under the girls as they crept along. A big buffalo-fly beat the window with indolent wings; and once the little Reinovsky screamed when she stepped on a sharp piece of tin. They were about to mount the steep, narrow stairs when a great rat came tumbling down at their very feet—and then, with a frightened squeal, scampered away. The second floor was even more dark and hot and dusty than the first. Some of the doors were ajar, others opened on rusty hinges, while the floors were strewn with tobacco-boxes, sardine-cans and scattered packs of cards.

All at once there came a sound of labored breathing and the dragging of a soft, heavy body across the floor—followed by a silence. Again the heavy breathing—and then, as suddenly as they had started, the ghost sounds were stilled.

And the children! Kerena was clinging frantically to the frail railing at the head of the stairs, too much frightened to move, her big, round, terrified eyes gleaming wildly under her heavy bang, while Mara had tumbled back against the wall, with both grimy hands clinched in her tattered skirts. For a moment, after the noise ceased, they waited, motionless; then Mara's wonted energy returned and, with an im-



"Behrman, old boy, say 'when.'"

perious sweep of her dingy hand, she beckoned Kerena to her. Slowly they slid along the dust-cushioned floor to the door of the haunted chamber. Here they listened a moment, trembling in anticipation, and then Mara, holding fast meanwhile to the cowardly Slav, flung wide the door.

It was dark in this room as in the rest of the building—dark and dusty, and with a most pronounced effluvia. The bright, red rays of the setting sun fell through some knot-holes in the pine boarding, and by them the ghost stood revealed.

There was a strong and visible connection between the ghost and a staple in the wall, and a pair of round, red, wicked-looking eyes glared savagely at the girls!

"Lordy!" screamed Kerena, shrilly—who, a tiptoe, had been peering over Mara's shoulder. "Lordy! ef hit hain't our ol' hog, what yer pa stold!"

The sun had set and the long, purple shadows of the mountains were over the camps when Mara Reimovsky came out to swing on the family gate.

There were traces of bread and molasses and unwashed grief on her face, and there was a long, red welt on one cheek that gleamed with startling distinctness against the colorless skin.

Kerena Markavitch loitered past dragging an infantile relative in a soap-box cart:

"Got a lickin', didn't yer?" she queried, tentatively, eyeing the little Pole with amiable interest.

Mara went on swinging back and forth, humming a sad little song about "A Widow by the Sea," with interminable verses and excruciating metre, and gave no sign of having heard.

"Say, yer did git er lickin',"—persisted the little Slav,—"'cause we heard yer holler—me an' Micky did;—fer we listened. Wat did yer pa lick yer fer?"

Mara quit singing and stopped the gate. Then, with great dignity, she said:

"Looky here, Kereny Markavitch! Duz yer want me to come down der and wipe up de ground wid youse?"

"Yer fader's an ol' tief! Yer fader's an ol' tief!" yelled Kerena as she fled wailing, hotly pursued by the irate Pole.

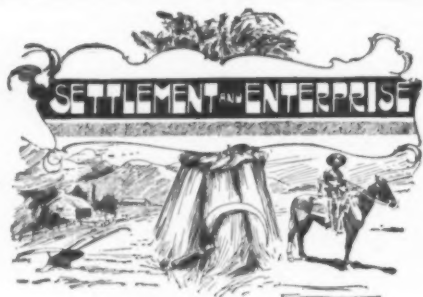
ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN THE STATES.

If it were not for the newspapers and the constant mingling of people from all parts of the Union, says the *Seattle Times*, it would not be long before the language of the different sections became very much unlike. Even as it is, there is a great difference between different sections, as every one knows. There is a certain judicial officer in Seattle who always speaks of his "cote" and talks of "divoce" when he means court and divorce. "Every native of Connecticut," said a Boston lady, "pronounces 'r' in the middle of a word and before a consonant as though it were a 'y.' Thus they say 'noyth' when they mean north." Every Easterner detects peculiarities in our speech out here. Fence the States from each other and in three generations the people

of Minnesota would have to have interpreters to understand a man from Texas. It is sometimes necessary now, when the Texas man takes to the slang of his native wilds.

FASHION IN CARDS.

An Eastern authority on fashion says that a lady's card should be almost square and of moderate size and fine texture. If married, "Mrs." should precede her husband's name in full. The address is placed in the lower right-hand corner, with the "at home" day in the left-hand corner, the engraving in plain, simple script. There was a time when it was not in good form for any lady, married or single, to have her number and street engraved upon her visiting card, that being a custom with a class of women who never move in respectable society. But that prejudice seems to have died out, and in this day, when one has such a large number of calling acquaintances, the address is perfectly correct and admissible in polite society. The usage of the visiting card in the social world has, from its importance, commanded a certain language of its own. Society has recognized its value, and now puts upon the small piece of engraved paste-board the many duties which, in the past, were considered to require personal attention. It greets and bids adieu in the most graceful manner, tenders congratulations most delicately but decidedly, and oftentimes tells more than written or spoken volumes could convey. Its story of fondness or disinterestedness is told in the promptness or method of its arrival.



Settling the West.

A North Dakota widower and widow, each with ten children, were married last week. They will spend this summer building a house large enough to hold their numerous progeny.—*Fargo (N. D.) Forum.*

New Settlement in Idaho.

Within the last three years a large settlement has been established on the productive lands lying between the South and Middle Fork of the Clearwater in Idaho. There have also been several claims taken up which are now being improved on the north side of the Middle Fork.

The New Tide.

The *Northwestern Agriculturist*, published at Minneapolis, says "It is almost impossible to ride fifty miles on a train through North Dakota or Minnesota now, without meeting land-seekers. Emigrants from Eastern States, where the crops are failures on the high-priced land, are pouring into the country of cheap lands and big crops."

They Want Genuine Settlers.

The kind of settlers wanted in Washington, says the *Pasco News*, are men who wish to build comfortable homes for themselves and families and who are not afraid of hard work. It requires no large amount of capital to start in with, but the more the merrier. There is no difficulty in raising plenty of vegetables the first season, and fruit trees will bear in two and three years if properly cared for. We want no grumblers nor idlers, for they are a blight to any community.

Progressive Washington.

Not many years ago, when business people thought of this State it was as a country where big lumber could be got, states the *Seattle (Wash.) Times*. Later they began to talk about it as a place that produced coal. Then its prominence as a wheat-producing country came to the point. Then it began to ship shingles and small lumber. Then its fish began to go abroad. Last of all, its fruit is finding its way into the markets of the world. So the great advance goes on.

Irrigation in Oregon.

The completion of the Owyhee ditch in Eastern Oregon marks one of the largest irrigation enterprises in that part of the country. Thirty thousand acres of land are reclaimed by it. Work on the ditch invited settlers, and there are already 130 homes established on lands watered by it. These people have organized four school-districts with 200 school-children, and modern school-buildings are now under construction. Ditches will give to the Pacific Northwest a multitude of homes, worthy of a highly civilized people.

Montana's Iron Mines.

The *Neihart Herald*, one of Montana's wide-awake weeklies, asks "What is the matter with Montana's iron mines?" In reply to this inquiry, which is made with evident pride in the possession of the mines, it is pertinent to remark that the only thing the matter with the Montana iron

mines is that they have not been sufficiently developed. No State in the Union has more valuable iron deposits than Montana, and when the increase in population and the industrial development of the State warrant their development on a large scale, the iron mines of the treasure State will be one of the most prolific sources of wealth in the West. Montana has vast store-houses of wealth which are yet to be opened, and her future will bring forth revelations more brilliant even than the discoveries of the past.—*Butte Miner.*

A Prosperous City.

It is said that more men are being employed in the mines of Butte than ever before in the history of the city. The pay-rolls of all the big companies are the largest ever known, and more money is being deposited in the banks by laboring men than at any period since Butte became the greatest mining town of the world. Every smelter in the district is taxed to its full capacity and leasers are thereby required to wait for weeks for returns. Intending leasers are scouring the hills of the districts for promising copper properties, and everywhere there is bustle and activity. It will be the greatest year in Butte's history.

Great Yield of Mexican Barley.

Successful experiments are being made this year with Mexican barley in Whitman County, Wash. This cereal is beardless and without hull. A field sown by Mr. Frew, near Pullman, yielded seventy-six bushels per acre and went seventy-six pounds to the sack. The grains are so extremely hard that they will necessarily have to be crushed before feeding to either horses or cattle, and crushed or soaked or boiled for feed for hogs. The grain is so dense, and contains such a large amount of nourishment, that it will necessarily be fed in small feeds and with a large amount of hay.

British Columbia Fruit.

W. G. Henry, president of the Fraser Valley Fruit Growers' Association, it is learned from the *Winnipeg Commercial*, writes an enthusiastic letter regarding fruit growing in British Columbia. He says the industry is developing fast and people are beginning to give more and more attention to it. When the new orchards begin to bear, he thinks they will be able to supply Manitoba with the finest plums grown in the world, at as low prices as can be grown anywhere.

The association has shipped five cars of plums this year to Manitoba and the Territories, with good results. Mr. Henry is confident that, with a little experience and with their new orchards coming in, they will eventually supply Manitoba with all the plums required.

Wood for Musical Instruments.

It is now stated that the great value of Washington's finer grades of native wood is being demonstrated on Bellingham Bay by an old master violin-maker. His name is P. J. Foster, and he resides in a little wood-colored, flat-roofed house overlooking the bay from a spacious lot on Front Street, Fairhaven. Mr. Foster has been a professional violin-maker for more than fifty years; his ideas are progressive and enterprising; he has developed several new violin models based on cardinal scientific principles, and he believes that Washington maple and cedar produce the finest quality of musical sounds in the form of a violin's recital.—*Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

A Revelation.

Following is what T. Mayne Daly, minister of the interior, Canada, said to the *Winnipeg Free Press* relative to a recent trip in the Canadian Northwest: "I wish to say that this long journey was a revelation to us of many things which we were before ignorant of. We passed through the most richly timbered, best watered and finest grazing country I have ever seen. I thought that my previous journeys over the Northwest had given me some idea of the vastness and extent of the country, but I never realized before how great it really was. When one remembers that we were simply on the verge of a very rich territory which extended back for a hundred and fifty miles and south for fifty or sixty miles, one can form some idea of the immense area that is yet to be populated. This is the country for mixed farming, and I cannot imagine any surroundings more favorable to the man with a wife and family, who is looking for a home and occupation, than this territory offers, and which is to be had for the asking."

A Rise in Values.

There is one feature of this year's agricultural prosperity in the Northwest which the farmer should not fail to include in his summing up of his year's profits, and that is the rise in the value of farm property. This rise varies in proportion to the size of the crops in the locality. It is sub-



A FARM SCENE NEAR DAYTON, WASHINGTON.

stantial because it is based upon an incoming of thousands of new settlers who make a demand for the land. The tide has turned from city to country and the great crops will roll the wave along. It will relieve the glut of the cities and aid the country by settling up the wild land. This makes it all the more important, however, that experienced farmers should turn their attention to such crops and stock as require a high degree of agricultural skill; the simpler kind of farming is the kind which will be overdone by the new farmers. It takes more brains to farm now than it did when competition was less sharp, but no educated, experienced farmer need ever fear that his skill will count for naught if rightly applied. He is miles ahead of the new farmer in the agricultural race.—*Northwestern Agriculturist, Minneapolis.*

Told in Illinois.

Dr. Downs, a resident of Ottawa, Illinois, has been visiting friends at Grand Forks, N. D., and now talks as follows in his home paper, the *Ottawa Times*:

"Close to Grand Forks is a 1,000-acre tract of land in wheat, bearing an average acreage. I saw a test of sixteen acres while there, and it turned out forty-six bushels to the acre. This wheat had been sold in the field at fifty-one cents a bushel, so that the yield was 46,000 bushels and was worth \$23,460. As land is valued at \$35 per acre this is a fine percentage on the investment. Throughout Northeastern Dakota, Manitoba and Minnesota the yield is equally prolific. The oat crop is unusually heavy, also, and the strength of the straw is wonderful." The doctor goes on to say that doves and blackbirds alight in great flocks on the top of the grain and don't seem to even bend the stem. He saw nine combined mowers and binders at work cutting a swath of sixty-three feet at one time across the field. The threshing outfits used in that section are wonders to the tender-foot. Doctor Downs drove hundreds of miles in that locality with a Mr. W. E. Prichard, and is quite enthusiastic over North Dakota and Northwestern Minnesota.

Finest Opals in the World.

Lieutenant-Governor Luce, of Washington, is interested in a valuable opal mine near Moscow in Idaho. He visited the mine recently, and, when approached on the subject by a reporter for the *Spokane Spokesman-Review*, delivered himself as follows:

"A short time ago we sent some of the opals from this mine to Tiffany, the noted New York jeweler. He replied that they were the finest he had ever seen, and offered us \$75 per carat for all the stones we could supply of that quality. Heretofore the Hungarian opals have been considered the finest in the world, and they sell for \$40 a carat. The Mexican opals, which are the cheapest, bring only about \$20.

Mr. Luce expects that the opals from his mine will be placed on the market some time this fall, and with this end in view the owners will push development work.

"The discovery of these opals," the *Spokesman-Review* says, "was one of the surprises of the mining history of the West. Some men were digging a well in a wheat-field near Moscow, and while thus engaged turned up a number of the beautiful stones. That started the farmers for miles around, who prospected for jewels in their grain-fields, but up to date the discoveries have been confined to the original field and to an adjoining one. The only other opal mines in the West are believed to be in Eastern Oregon. The stones are found in basaltic formation."

The Gateway to Flathead Valley.

By the eastern approach, Columbia Falls is the gateway that ushers the traveler into the timber-groved Elysium of Flathead Valley. Back

in the high ranges—the Rockies, the Kootenais—rise the three forks that form the one river here flowing in majestic current down to the beautiful blue-watered lake. The town is a marvel of three years' growth, declares the *Helena Herald*, with business houses and homes ahead of its time, but not ahead of the hereafter. It has the biggest, best-appointed, best kept hotel in the county; a flouring mill that grinds the wheat of a productive region unequaled west of the Great Divide; an electric plant as complete as any in the State can boast. It takes a great bridge by which to cross a great river, and here a splendid structure costing \$40,000 spans the broad waters of the Flathead. Magnificent farms are near, and reach away for miles. Boundless wheat fields push their thickly-standing ripening heads to the level of the fence tops. Timothy is as stout and tall wherever the hay-maker has yet left it standing. Fruits are growing in the three-year-old orchards. Ripe red-cherries have been plucked from trees as young for the past fortnight. Trout in all the streams; grouse and pheasant and chickens; deer and elk and moose—these all abound and invite the sportsman to surrounding wood, prairie and mountain.

Agricultural Montana.

The *Rocky Mountain Husbandman* of White Sulphur Springs, Montana, has been preaching "Montana for the Farmer" during the past nineteen years. It holds fast to the declaration that the State's claim to distinction rests on an agricultural as well as upon a mineral basis. Looking over the ground today, it feels as confident as ever that the next few years will make marvelous changes and work wonderful progress in every direction. The State, as every Montanian knows, is far from being thickly populated. There are thousands of rural homes in embryo for future prosperous owners, and there are thousands of opportunities for energy and capital to develop agricultural possibilities. The water supply at every point may not be as plentiful and as readily available as in the early days, yet the *Husbandman* believes there is abundant room for combinations of labor and capital or either to engage in irrigating enterprises; and, of course, it is a fact beyond dispute that the land thus brought under water is unexcelled in any part of the known world. The agricultural population of the State will double itself before the State has had time to double its own years, or the *Husbandman* is very much mistaken.

Where are the new settlers to locate their homes? "The Valley of the Yellowstone," says the *Husbandman*, "has only just begun to be developed in an agricultural sense, and there is room along this valley alone, which stretches eastward from the base of the mountains 300 miles to the Dakota line, for as many farmers as now inhabit the entire State. There is also a vast agricultural area that is soon to be brought under cultivation along the mighty Missouri River. From the Three Forks of that stream to the mouth of the Yellowstone there lies along its banks another agricultural domain of great importance. In fact, Montana is only beginning to be developed. There are agricultural lands everywhere, and when the problem of irrigating them has been solved, as it will be in the Missouri and Yellowstone valleys, Montana will rank as one of the chief rural States in the Union."

Pen Picture of Tacoma.

George Longman, editor of *Colman's Rural World*, a St. Louis journal of great influence, speaks as follows of Tacoma:

"Tacoma, at the headwaters of Puget Sound, is one of the most important sea-ports of the Pacific Coast. Here the ships of largest tonnage come from all parts of the world and not only find full cargoes awaiting them, but a good mar-

ket for what they bring back. The old system of barter has more in it than we imagine. A railroad cannot be successfully run when the freight and traffic is all one way; neither can a line of ocean steamers. As a rule, when we sell to distant countries we buy what they produce, and trade is promoted, distant industries of a diverse character are brought together and those of contiguous territory promoted. Thus it is with Tacoma. It has the Orient for its customers, and lays India, China, Japan, the Australasian colonies and the islands of the ocean under tribute, and the world at large as well. If the reader will take his map of Washington and note its location and surroundings, the territory from which it can draw its supplies of wheat and other grains, of lumber, fruit, hops, meat and manufactures of every kind and character, he will get an idea of the great future that is before it.

"Tacoma is beautifully situated. Its elevation is graceful, and its drainage perfect. Taking an electric street-car at the railroad depot, one is whirled away a distance of three or more miles through a series of streets having on either side residences of architectural beauty, richly encased in lawns of velvety green, surmounted with charming shrubbery and fragrant flowers in the greatest profusion, affording to the visitor an idea of the wealth, taste, intelligence and refinement of the home-life of its people. The streets devoted to business are lined with stores that would be a credit to any metropolitan city of the older East; and the mills, warehouses, factories and smelting works indicate the magnitude of its far-reaching commerce. The wharf accommodation for its ocean trade is immense and being constantly increased to make room for the steamers that traverse the Pacific laden with the products of the surrounding country.

"The merchants, manufacturers, bankers and others interested in extending the commerce of the city, are compactly organized in the Chamber of Commerce, the City Club and similar bodies; and but little of moment transpires without their knowledge and co-operation. Delegations from these met our party on its arrival and took it in charge. Their electric cars ran to the depot, took us on board and through the finest portions of the city and out to the National Park of 800 acres, but recently donated to the city by Congress. And, oh! such a park. Such mammoth pines, towering to the heavens, and such a profusion of wild undergrowth; of ferns, bushes and indigenous shrubbery! Such an exquisite combination of tropical exuberance in the midst of exquisite surroundings is not often seen in months of travel even on this marvelous continent.

"A gradual descent took us down the banks to the Sound, that great arm of the Pacific which plunges its salt tide-water a hundred miles inland and of which we had heard and read and thought for a long life-time. The scenery at the water's edge is bold rather than beautiful. Looking to the opposite side the mountains rise precipitously, and, clothed from base to tip with growing timber, present a rather striking comparison with the scenery through which we had just passed. A ride on a Sound steamer back to the city had been provided for us and after a walk of a mile or more over the beach, rough with pebbly gravel, and smelling strongly of the great salt ocean, we were glad to reach the stout little boat and to once more plow the briny waters. The banks on the city side are crowded with immense warehouses for the reception and storage and shipment of wheat; with the largest saw-mills in the country, the finest smelting works, and the wharves at which the ocean vessels load and unload. It is a great scene and a busy one. It conveys an idea of magnitude; of the immensity of the commerce developed in the great Northwest and the future that is before it."



'Twas the Awful Silence.

An Ohio man has had his wife's speech restored after six years of silence. No cause is assigned for the rash act.—*Heppner (Or.) Gazette.*

One of the Worst.

The *Tribune* has an editorial this morning about "Individual Irrigation." That is one of the worst evils of the age; hit it hard, dear *Tribune*. The individual irrigator is abroad in the land, and anon he will be in the lock-up.—*Minneapolis Times.*

Why Not?

The *New Northwest* at Deer Lodge, Montana, says "the fact that Bozeman's city attorney, Geo. D. Pease, married Miss Nellie Ward of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, does not justify the remark of Charley Fell of the *Chronicle* that Nellie found peace as soon as she became George's ward."

Will Pass for a Bird.

In recommending his horse to the Oregon packer the Big Bend cayuse breeder said:

"Well, t' be honest with ye, he's a little too bony for mountain trout, and not quite rough enough for corned beef, but he'll can up like a daisy for spring chicken."—*Colville (Wash.) Index.*

How He Mixed It.

A Minot man sent this rather mixed order to his merchant recently: "Send me a sack of flour, five pounds of coffee and one pound of ice. My wife gave birth to a big baby boy last night, also five pounds of corn-starch, a screw-driver and a fly-trap. It weighed ten pounds and a straw hat."—*Grand Forks (N. D.) Plaindealer.*

He Was Only the Shank.

The *Seattle (Wash.) Times* tells a good telephone story in which two law firms play a part. A gentleman desiring to speak with one of the members of the firm of Jenner, Leggs and Williams, was connected by the central station with the office of Shank and Smith. "Hullo!" he called, "Is that you, Leggs?" and back the answer came: "No, this is only Shank."

A New Interior Department.

Secretary Hoke Smith one evening sat doubled up in his velvet arm-chair, swearing profusely, when Postmaster-General Bissell stepped into the room.

"Official trouble, Hoke?" he queried, pleasantly.

"Yes," responded Hoke, tersely, reaching for the ginger bottle, which stood beside a plaster cast of Columbus on the center table, "a little difficulty in the interior department."—*Bismarck (N. D.) Tribune.*

Wanted a Receipt.

The following is told at the expense of a well-known lawyer who does not live over a thousand miles from the Dalles: "What are you waiting for?" said the lawyer to an Indian, who had just paid him some money to be told how to get a divorce from a squaw to whom he had never been married. "A receipt," said the Indian. "A receipt! what do you know about a receipt? If you can explain to me the nature and purpose of a receipt, I will give one," replied the lawyer.

"S'pose maybe medle; me go heben, me see God, Peter and Clist; dey says, 'John, what do you want me?' Me say, 'Want in.' Dey says, 'You pay Mr. Lawyer that money?' 'What me do; I hab no receipt. Hab me hunt all over hell to find you?' He got his receipt.—*Dalles (Or.) Times-Mountaineer.*

An Even-Tempered Citizen.

It is claimed that pease have been grown from seed three thousand years old, taken from the mummy case of a Theban King. Not having been present when the pease were encased, we cannot speak from personal observation. Their blossoms should have a preservative odor, and the soup a more decidedly dusty flavor than modern ones. Mr. Memptah, the gentleman who was enclosed with the pease, is one of the most even-tempered of citizens, taking little or no interest in politics, and remaining almost constantly indoors.—*New Whatcom (Wash.) Review.*

The Town Was Deserted.

A man went to sleep the other night and dreamed he was in a city entirely governed by women. It was scrupulously clean, and while wandering around he saw three men arrested for spitting on the pavement. A garbage box at the rear end of each lot was hand-painted and tied with blue ribbon. Mail boxes were decorated with draw-work, and fire plugs had cushion seats on top of them. Sweet pease were climbing over the electric light poles and a hand-painted cuspidor occupied a prominent place on every corner. There was no business, not a team being allowed to pass up and down the main streets for fear of making dust. The town was deserted save for the police women who marched up and down to see that no man with dusty shoes stepped into the town.—*Grand Forks (N. D.) Herald.*

The Deacon's Unfortunate Blunder.

The curate of a country church had two notices to give out, and did so, properly enough, in the following manner: "I am requested to announce that the new hymn-book will be used for the first time in this church Sunday next, and I am requested to call attention to the delay which often takes place in bringing children to be baptized; they should be brought on the earliest day possible. This is particularly pressed on mothers who have young babies."

"And for the information of those who have none," added a deacon in gentle, kindly tones, and who, being deaf, had only heard the first announcement, "I may state that, if wished, they can be obtained on application in the vestry immediately after the service today. Limp ones one shilling each; with stiff backs, two shillings."—*Minneapolis Journal.*

The Blonde Brakeman's Story.

The Railroad Club met Tuesday evening in the usual place, and after a short business session the boys drifted into "shop" conversation. The recent fast run of the general manager's special from Hope to Missoula was commented on, and the talk on fast runs became general. Several stories of remarkable time made on different occasions were related, and when the blonde brakeman got the floor he saw he was expected to break the record. And he did.

"Speaking of fast runs," said he, "why, that little Montana Union Line lays over anything I ever saw. No Dutch clocks or anything else to hold a man down there. I worked for that road when Bob Smith was

dispatcher, and when he told the boys to 'wheel 'em' we all knew what it meant. One day we were going north and were delayed in various ways until we reached Stewart. Bob wired the con. at that point that he wanted our train to get to Garrison just as quick as God would let us. We had a clear track when we started, and it wasn't long before the telegraph poles looked like a picket fence. The biggest burst of speed was reserved for the home stretch—from Deer Lodge to Garrison, eleven miles. We didn't stop at Deer Lodge, but as we approached that place the engineer sounded the whistle as usual—and you may take my head for a foot-ball if the "Slow" sign in the Garrison yards wasn't passed by our train before that whistle had ceased to sound.

This made the boys look weary, but the "braky" hadn't finished yet. He continued:

"Well, we put our train away and were resting ourselves, when we glanced up the track and saw a dark streak approaching at a lightning gait. We were astounded, for an instant, but as it slowed up we readily recognized it as the shadow of the train we had just brought in."

And the boys all rose up, and after presenting the relator with a regularly signed license the club adjourned.—*Missoula (Mont.) Silverite.*

When It Dawned on Him.

Some people are as slow to anger as others are swift. Several Grafton men of both kinds were out hunting the other day and got some chickens down near a farmer's dooryard. The farmer didn't want the shingles shot off of his granary or windows put in the side of his cattle, and, without an introduction, told the hunters to get gone—adding, rather fiercely, "It's mighty good for you dudes that I haven't got my gun here, or I would shoot your dogs," and some other things of no value in print. Now, most of the crowd did their kicking as soon as they were out of hearing, and mentioned what they would do while their dogs were being killed. But one of the party didn't have anything to say until night, just as they were getting ready to go to bed, when it dawned on him that he had been called a dude. Then he was hot, and wanted to



MORNING ON A TOURIST SLEEPER.

Sleepy Passenger (who forgets that he is in the upper berth)—"There ain't nothin' mean about this road, anyway. It's mighty few of them gives us fur rugs to step on these cold mornin's."

hitch up and go back and make the man prove it, but the rest of the crowd had all been mad and the slow-to-anger man had to have it out alone. —*Grafton (N. D.) Record.*

Wasn't Pullin' It Just Then.

A writer recently recounted a scrap of history regarding Liver Eating Johnson and the late X. Beldler. Both were being hotly pursued by Indians—X. on a fine, fast horse and Johnson on a slow mule. The latter did everything to urge his steed forward at a faster gait, but without avail. X. at last waited for Johnson to come up. When he did so he said, excitedly: "If you don't make better time you're gone sure!" "Look aheer," replied Johnson, "do I look like a man that's pullin' a race?" —*Miles City (Mont.) Journal.*

Not Subject to Rheumatism.

I know a woman who is very sympathetic, so much so that the other day, immediately after being introduced to a man with a limp, in an electric car, she turned and asked him if his trip to Bingham Springs this summer had benefited him and if his rheumatism was as severe now as before the trip. Lo and behold! the man limped because he had a cork leg, and was not a sufferer from rheumatism at all! The quiet that existed between those two for the balance of that car ride would make the dropping of a pin sound like a cannon's roar. Sympathy is a great virtue, but it is thrown away now and then. —*Endleton B. St. Oregonian.*

He Was Drunk Clear Through.

Not many months ago a young benedict of this city, says the New Whatcom (Wash.) *Blade*, while spending an evening with a number of convivial friends, imbibed quite freely of milk shakes and other harmless beverages. At a late hour, when he essayed to go home, he discovered that he had a comfortable jag—rather more than he cared to carry home to the bosom of his family, so he hit upon a plan to make himself presentable to his life partner. He crept silently into his home by way of the rear entrance and, kindling the kitchen fire, proceeded to heat several quarts of water, which he used as an emetic and which materially lessened his load; then, after congratulating himself that his folly would, in all probability, not be discovered by his faithful wife, he went quickly to bed and, to make assurance doubly sure, turned his back to his sleeping spouse. Imagine his surprise when, shortly thereafter, she said: "You might as well turn over, Charley; you are drunk clear through!"

The "New Man" Appears in Montana.

One of Bozeman's young married men has tried bloomers and pronounces them a delusion. He wore them last Sunday. You see, the gentleman accompanied a party on a fishing expedition. About the first hard work he did when he arrived at the scene was to fall in the river and get thoroughly wet. Here was a nice predicament. But a lady in the party was equal to the emergency. She had, a few days previously, procured a pair of bloomers, and, being loath to put them on in the city, took them with her on the fishing excursion for her initial appearance. She proffered the use of these garments to the gentleman while his clothes were drying, and, as there was nothing else to do, he sought a secluded spot in the woodland and put them on. His first appearance was greeted with rounds of ribald laughter, and from that time on fishing was out of the question. Everyone just sat right down and laughed. They hadn't time to do anything else. A two hundred-pound man, measuring fully six feet, in a pair of bloomers built for a little lady, was a sight worth going miles to see. Thus it was that he of the legal mind spent sev-

eral bad hours. He was forced to do the living-picture act to an audience altogether too well pleased, and he didn't like it. —*Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle.*

Schweismagen's Game.

The usual little game of poker was running at Schweismagen's, the grocer, and the players were all betting very freely. An unusually large jack-pot was in the center of the table, and, as the cards were being dealt, Schweismagen remarked:

"Vell, shentlemens, I guess I win dis bot."

It was duly opened and there was a raise or two all the way round. Schweismagen drew one card, another player drew two, and two stood pat. The betting was brisk, and every time it came around to Schweismagen he raised. Suddenly his four-year-old boy exclaimed:

"Oh, look! papa's got four cards all alike!"

"Shut up your mouth!" roared Schweismagen, but it was too late. None of the other players would call his last raise. Schweismagen took the boy upstairs. He returned in five minutes, red in the face, and resumed the game with the remark:

"You bet, I shpank dot boy goot!"

Half an hour later, when all were trying to win a big pot, Schweismagen's six-year-old girl exclaimed:

"Papa has got four cards all just alike!"

Again everyone dropped his hand. Schweismagen pocketed the cash, and the six-year-old girl was led upstairs.

When, a few minutes later, the grocer's eight-year-old son said, "Papa has got four all alike," one of the players studied his hand an unusually long time, scratched his head, studied the grocer's face, and then called.

"What have you got?" he demanded.

"What haf you got?"

"I called. Show down your hand."

Schweismagen spread out a pair of deuces. The grocer didn't take the boy upstairs, but whipped him on the spot for lying.

"Dot poy might haf fooled some of you shentlemans," he explained. —*Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

The Fashion Editor.

At the urgent request of many of our most fashionable readers, who recognize the delicacy of our taste in dress, we have somewhat reluctantly consented to devote a small portion of our space to answering correspondents' questions. While we realize the truth of the old adage that a fool can ask questions a wise man cannot answer, we nevertheless undertake to answer them according to their folly. All communications should be addressed to the "Fashion Editor."

Nora—As you are only twenty-six, and not liable to get older for ten or twelve years, we would advise that you get a rich, golden-brown crepon in preference to black for your autumn dress. A full vest or chemisette shown inside a bolero front will make a fine tout ensemble. Some other clothing should be worn with this, of course.

Belle—No, we do not believe in using the diminutives for girl's names. Do you?

Hopeless—To remove freckles, treat them with lemon juice twice a day. Tincture of iodine will hide, but not remove them without also removing the hide. For a bad case of confluent freckles we would suggest a shell-game, where the operation of skinning is painless and speedy.

Subscriber—Pink chrysanthemums will be worn by brides in November. After that they will, most of them, be satisfied with anything they can get in the shape of flowers.

Dulcinea—Your question is difficult to answer. As far as we have seen, bloomers are not much worn; but then, you know, they are made so full that the wear doesn't show. Will advise you later.

Sandon—You ask what a November bride should be married in. We would suggest that she "get married in haste and repent at leisure." As she is bound to repent, she might as well have the leisure in which to do it thoroughly.

Brunette—No! A mulattress would not be classed as a brunette, but rather as an alutaceous blonde. The crispature of the capillary covering, rather than the dermic secretions of colored matter, or lack of it, is the distinguishing feature between a brunette white man and a blonde negro.

Sarah—Try again, by slow freight, as you do not express yourself well. —*The Dalles (Or.) Times-Mountaineer.*

He Freed His Conscience.

Sheriff George B. McLaughlin, of Choteau County, says that the most punctiliously-polite man in Montana lives up in his territory. No names are mentioned for obvious reasons, but the simple announcement that Sheriff McLaughlin says it is so, is a sufficient guaranty of its truthfulness.

"The old gentleman is particularly careful to observe the utmost courtesy in his attitude toward the fair sex, of which he is a profound admirer," said Mr. McLaughlin the other day, "and never, even when in his cups, does he forget to be a Chesterfield in his airs and graces. Some days he goes to rather laughable extremes.

"Not long ago he was in a particularly happy state of how-come-you-so when he passed a lady of his acquaintance on the street. With a bow that Beau Brummel might have reproduced, but could not have improved upon, he stepped aside to surrender the whole sidewalk to her. But as he proceeded the conviction that he had done something out of the line of propriety seemed to grow upon him. At length he announced solemnly that he could not rest until he had made a determined effort to atone for the insult he had just offered her. None of us knew what he was driving at, and, for fear he would make a fool of himself, we tried hard to persuade him to put off the atonement until the next morning. It was no go, though, and he finally struck out by himself to overtake her.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Jones," he said, when he caught up with the vanishing figure, "but I must apologize to you."

"Miss Jones was surprised. 'For what?' she said.

"For insulting you on the public street of this city," he went on. 'But I assure you that it was entirely unintentional, and I will further promise you, madam, that it will never occur again.'

"That was the worst kind of a puzzler. The woman must have thought he was crazy. 'You haven't insulted me,' she replied.

"Oh, yes, I did; with further apologies for venturing to contradict you," he persisted. 'I assure you, however, madam, I assure you—that is, I here and now pledge you my honor as a gentleman—my honor as a—that is, that it—that is to say—'

"So she tried another tack. 'What have you done?' she inquired.

"I met you on the upper corner a minute or so ago, didn't I?"

"Yes, but you didn't—"

"That's all right, but a man's got no d—d business speaking to a lady at all on the street when he's drunk, as you will readily perceive I am," he wound up, growing greatly excited, and mopping the perspiration from his face. 'And, as I said before, I will see that it does not occur again.'

"His mind was much relieved when he came back to us. He looked for all the world like a man who had just freed his conscience of an oppressive load." —*Helena Independent.*



A Paper Roasting Pan.

A roasting pan made of paper is something new. The paper is compressed and coated with a wax preparation. In appearance it resembles parchment. The inventor claims that paper can be used for baking, and where the fire does not come in contact with the pan it will be found to be far superior to iron.

How She Proves Her Affection.

A curious use for a husband is reported from Clerkenwell, near London, where a Mr. Lamb and his wife keep a small shop. For fourteen years the firm has avoided paying taxes by the wife sending the husband to jail to serve out the legal time for unpaid taxes, while she remains at the store attending to business.

Mark This, Mothers.

It is a noteworthy fact, says *Good Housekeeping*, that the children who are least exposed to cold are generally most healthy, while those who are victims to the erroneous principle of hardening by exposure and cold baths are scarcely ever free from disease. We earnestly believe there are more children sacrificed than are saved by being subjected to this fallacious treatment.

Makes a Beautiful House Plant.

People who enjoy a bit of green in the house when fields and flower gardens are wrapped in the desolation of winter, will find that a sweet potato, planted in moist, loose earth or a jar of water, with the seed end projecting upwards, will make a beautiful growth of vine in a very short time. It resembles the English ivy and rivals the glossy leaves of the Wandering Jew for house decoration.

A Word of Warning.

Oil-stoves and gas-stoves should never be kept burning in a sleeping-room, for they are burned in the open air of the room, and, having no connection with a chimney flue, they throw the poisonous carbonic oxide of combustion into the air of the apartment and make it unfit for respiration. Even an oil-lamp is dangerous if left burning all night, but an oil-stove is worse, because stoves generally feed more flame, consume more of the oxygen and give off more poisonous gas.

Make Your Own Pomade.

In order to have pure pomade it is deemed wisest and best to make it in one's own home. The best thing for this purpose is the pure beef suet. Melt about two ounces of suet over a hot fire. This will become about a gill of liquid fat. Let this cool, and, after it has become hard and white, whip it—as you would an egg or white potatoes—until it is light and creamy. This gives you a pure, unadulterated ointment. Just a touch of extract of eau de cologne or any fine perfume, makes it daintier.

A New Recipe for Good Coffee.

An unknown authority gives the following new recipe for making good coffee. It can do no harm to try it. The writer declares that "the whole secret lies in the pouring of the cream. Put the coffee into the pot containing a little cold water, and let boil. Never pour boiling water on dry coffee; it kills it. When it has boiled enough, add sufficient water to weaken it, and

settle thoroughly. Now arrange your cups. Take your coffee-pot in one hand and the cream-pitcher in the other and pour slowly together into the cups. This allows both liquids to mix thoroughly, and the result is perfect. Some people boil the cream with the coffee, but this is wrong, for the cream loses its sweetness in boiling."

When to Try on Shoes.

You would hardly believe that there are special times and seasons for the trying on of new shoes, but so it is. You need a larger pair of shoes in summer than in winter, and it is always best to try them on in the latter part of the day. The feet are then at the maximum size. Activity naturally enlarges them or make them swell; much standing tends also to enlarge the feet. New shoes must be tried on over moderately thick stockings; then you can put on a thinner pair to case your feet if the shoes seem to be too tight. It is remarkable what a difference the stockings make. If they are too large or too small they will be as nearly uncomfortable as a pair of shoes that are too tight. New shoes can be worn with as much ease as old ones, if they are stuffed to the shape of the foot with cloth or paper, and patiently sponged with hot water. Or if they pinch in some particular spot, a cloth wet with hot water and laid across the place will cause immediate and lasting relief. Milk applied once a week with a soft cloth freshens and preserves boots and shoes.—*Philadelphia Times*.

Bits of Information.

A teaspoonful of powdered borax added to cold starch will tend to give the linen an extra stiffness.

Cauliflowers used for pickles should be prepared by first boiling the vegetable.

Pole rings can be made to run easily by rubbing the pole with kerosene until thoroughly smooth.

All rugs, when shaken, should be handled by the middle and not by the ends.

Salt dissolved in alcohol will take out grease spots.

Rain-water and white castile soap in a luke warm suds make the best mixture in which to wash embroideries.

Moths dislike newspaper as much as the prepared tar paper.

Court-plaster should never be applied to a bruised wound.

A very fine steel pen is best for marking with indelible ink.

Storm serge is the best material for ladies' cycling suits.

The Baby's Bath.

Why is it that so many mothers give their babies a daily bath until they are six or eight months old, and then suddenly find that once or twice a week is often enough? A child that is properly bathed every day will not take cold readily, and is far less likely to take any contagious disease than if he is bathed less frequently.

The best time for baby's bath is just before his nap, whether that be in the forenoon or afternoon. If he is too old for a midday nap, the bath is best given just before retiring, say at six o'clock, if he has a five o'clock supper. His sleep will be so sweet and refreshing that an angel might envy him.

A lady who is noted for always doing everything in the best and easiest way, bought a kitchen table and had the legs sawed off until it was only two feet high. The top was covered with white oil-cloth, securely tacked under the edge so it could not slip. The drawer contained soap, pieces of old linen cloths to be used for towels, a small hair-brush, and all the little accessories to the baby's toilet. A chair near by

held the clean garments. When everything was ready the bath-tub was set upon the table and the water, which had been heated to ninety-five degrees, put in it. This arrangement made the time for the baby's bath a pleasant one for the mother and the child, for she can sit down beside the tub while she washes the little body and not suffer from an aching back, as one usually does when the tub is placed on the floor.

Allow the baby to splash and play in the water for a few minutes, and he will greatly enjoy the privilege. Gently wash him all over with a sponge and a little soap. Then lift his baby majesty from the tub, rub him dry with a soft towel, and if there are any places that seem to be chafed, dust them with powdered starch or browned flour. Always dry the ears with a bit of soft linen, for deafness often arises from leaving them partially dried. The whole process of bathing, drying and dressing can be accomplished in fifteen minutes, so there would seem to be no reason for neglecting it on account of the time it takes.—*Colman's Rural World*.

Health and Toilet Hints.

For a face which is badly broken out try flour of sulphur. Rub it well into the skin every night just before retiring. This is only good when the eruption proceeds from impure blood. If the face breaks out from indigestion, use nux vomica. If from torpid circulation, massage the face carefully after washing.

A teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda is an excellent remedy for sick headache or nausea. It is also best to keep in a horizontal position. Chloroform is also recommended, from five to ten drops on a lump of sugar being the amount to be taken.

To prevent moist or oily hair from having an unpleasant odor different tonics are used. Bay rum is excellent, whisky and rum are also good, but better than all is cleanliness of the scalp and hair. To give it a dry shampoo is often the best remedy.

To make the throat and neck plump, firm and round, wash it well with cold water and rub with a coarse towel until the skin glows. A course of treatment highly recommended is the use of cod liver oil rubbed into the skin.

Pale golden hair, which is always so lovely, has a bad habit of fading suddenly, often without any apparent cause. To remedy this moisten it nightly with bay rum, in which some lumps of rock sulphur have been placed.

A few drops of ammonia or a little borax in the water used for washing the face, will prove an excellent remedy for an oil complexion. After using, dry the face very gently and dust it with powdered oatmeal.

To remove warts, apply either muriatic or glacial acetic acid. They will soon shrivel and drop off. Moles are harder to remove, but often lunar caustic, slightly moistened, will effect the required results.

It is not the amount applied of an unguent that produces the desired effect, but rather the completeness and the thoroughness with which it is rubbed into the skin.

Screens Useful and Ornamental.

Screens and cushions are articles of furnishing that are very dear to the heart of the modern chatelaine. She can hardly get too many of either, and it is as easy for one more of each to be counted among her belongings as it is for the same addition to be crowded into the traditional omnibus.

Some screens are ornamental purely; others serve a most valuable purpose. A high, three-pannel screen shutting off the swing-door into the kitchen from the closely connecting dining-room of many of our city houses, makes an unsightly corner an attractive outlook, and a simi-

lar screen is as useful and transforming if set across a basement hall to shut off the kitchen view that is bound otherwise to obtrude on the way to the dining-room.

These screens are often covered with dark, rich paper, neatly put on, those that are used for libraries and dining-rooms being selected. Gay Japanese paper is another covering that is more enlivening. All the art fabrics, denims, canvases, Indian dhurries, the bright Persian stuffs—any of these may also be utilized as coverings.

For smaller screens, to screen off the fire or break an ugly corner in a square room, a frame may be in ebony finish and the cover a rich silk brocade. This arrangement admits of many variations, using the graceful design as a model for the frame only. One intended for a young girl's room is to be enameled in pink, and covered with cretonne in a pattern of pink roses over a cream ground. A gilded frame has a white and gold tapestry covering, the handsome piece

circle almost as unsightly as the original stain. The dabbing is best done by covering a finger with an old handkerchief frequently changed, and great care should be taken to confine the operation to the area of the stain itself, and not to extend the damage by damping and dabbing the surrounding material.

Tar can be taken off with petroleum.

Grass stains are removed by alcohol.

Paints must disappear before turpentine and perseverance.

Apple and pear stains may be removed by soaking in paraffine for a few hours before washing.

Tea stains yield to the action of boiling water poured through them from a height, or to glycerine.

Wine stains, if old, treat like old fruit stains; if fresh, table salt spread over the spots while wet will neutralize the damage.

For coffee and chocolate, pour soft boiling water through the stains, and while wet hold in the

expose it to the sun for a day or two. Old stains require iodide of potassium diluted with four times its weight of water.

Fruit stains can be treated in the same way if fresh, but if old rub them on both sides with yellow soap, cover thickly with cold water starch, well rub in, and expose to sun and air for three or four days. Then rub off the mixture and repeat the process if necessary.

Scorched linen can be restored if the threads are not injured. Peel, slice and extract the juice from two onions, add half a pint of vinegar, half an ounce of curd soap, two ounces of fuller's earth, boil these well, and, when cool, spread over the scorch, let it dry on, and then wash out the garment.

For the removal of stains and spots from colored materials and carpets, ammonia takes the first place. Almost any mark, new or old, will yield to its persevering use, and if dabbed on (not rubbed) it will itself leave no trace of its



"He loves me; he loves me not."

being intended for a white and gold apartment.

About Stains and Their Removal.

A great deal of advice is seen from time to time relative to the removal of stains. Now and then a recipe proves good, but it is just as liable to prove worthless. The following information on the subject is taken from the *Dyer and Calico Printer*, and may be regarded as reliable:

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary, says our authority, to say that stains should be treated as speedily as possible after their first appearance. When once dry they are more difficult to remove, requiring both time and perseverance. Paint should be instantly wiped off; grease on wood, stone or carpet should be congealed before it has time to penetrate, by throwing cold water over it. Tea, coffee, ink, wine, and fruit stains will disappear in a quarter of the time if they can be attended to while wet. Spots on colored material must not be rubbed, but dabbed over and over again until they disappear. Rubbing roughens the surface and often leaves a whitened

fumes of burning sulphur.

Mildew can be removed by the above paste, or by simply wetting the spots, covering them with powdered chalk, and bleaching on the grass.

For acids, tie up a bit of washing soda in the stained part, make a lather of soap and cold soft water, immerse the linen, and boil until the spot disappears.

Ink requires milk for its removal; the spot should be soaked and gently rubbed. A fresh stain will disappear quickly, but an old one may need soaking in milk for twelve hours.

For iron mould, spread the stained part on a pewter plate set over a basin of boiling water, and rub the spots with bruised sorrel leaves, then wash the article in soft warm suds. Or, cover the spots with a paste made of lemon juice, salt, powdered starch, and soft soap, and expose to the sunlight.

Blood, if fresh, is removed by soaking for twelve hours in cold water, then washing in tepid water. If the mark still remains, cover it with a paste made of cold water and starch, and

use. It can be applied to woollens, cottons, and silks. It will remove ink spots from marble, paper, and wood. Grease flies before its application; and when diluted with water, spots caused by orange or lemon juice or vinegar are removed by it from the most delicate materials. For very nice fabrics some people like to use the old-fashioned javelle water, to be obtained from the chemist, but ammonia, delicately applied, does quite as well. From carpets, curtains, and suits of clothing it will remove almost every stain, including that caused by whitewash. Ink spots are always the most difficult to efface. Take up as much of the ink as possible with a spoon and blotting paper, and then use milk or clear water until it disappears, being careful not to extend the area of damage done by rubbing the ink into the adjacent material. Benzine will remove paint from delicate fabrics; if it fails, turpentine must be used, and the mark which it leaves effaced by alcohol. If in the process of removing stains the color departs from the material, it can generally be restored by dabbing with chloroform.



COURT-HOUSE, MANKATO.

MANKATO.

The Central Commercial and Manufacturing Point of Southern Minnesota.

By E. V. Smalley.

It is interesting to study the causes that lead to exceptional growth in any particular town—that push one town ahead of its rivals and make it a center for business for a larger region of country than the county of which it is the capital. Sometimes the chief cause is found in early good fortune in securing railway competition; sometimes it can be traced to a water-power or to a peculiarly fertile section of contiguous country, and not infrequently it must be attributed to a few men of extraordinary energy and business capacity among the early settlers. Chance plays no part in the problem. There is always an adequate cause for the effect.

If we leave Winona, on the Mississippi River, where there are about twenty-five thousand people, and go across the State of Minnesota we shall find a number of thriving, handsome county-seat towns, each well-supported by the trade of its own county, but no one of them reaching out much beyond its county lines. The population of these towns ranges from two to five thousand. When we reach Mankato, at the big bend of the Minnesota River, where that stream changes its direction from a southeasterly course and flows off to the northeast, we come to a town of nearly twelve thousand people. Evidently, here is a place that has something more than country-trade to depend on. Here is a budding city with possibilities of continued growth. Fertile and well-settled as is the county of Blue Earth, of which Mankato is the capital, and also the county of Nicollet lying across the river, the trade that could be drawn from both to this

point would not develop a place of this size.

If you arrive for the first time as a stranger in Mankato, as I did recently, and are interested in learning its resources and the leading causes of its prosperity, you will not long be quartered at the commodious Saulpaugh House before you will be told of the great stone-quarries that ship the hard, yellow, Mankato limestone all over the State and to many places in other States. Evidently, here is one important industry that has helped push the town beyond the class of the ordinary county-seat village. You will soon be told, too, of the ledge of cement rock at the opposite end of the place from the stone-quarries and of the cement works that have been shipping, this year, thousands of barrels to the Twin Cities for paving purposes. Reason number two for Mankato's prosperity. Other good reasons are not far to seek in the factory that makes buckets, milk-pails and a variety of other household ware from flax fiber; in the factory for making creamery packages; in the flouring mills, and in the brick-yards and the brewery.

It is manufacturing, then, that has led to the steady growth of this handsome town at the bend of the Minnesota; but, without railroads for distributing on favorable terms the products of the quarries, mills and factories, little could have been accomplished. Mankato has been exceptionally fortunate in securing the competitive service of three strong railway systems. The pioneer railroad was the old St. Paul and Sioux City, one of the earliest lines in Minnesota. It was absorbed some fifteen years ago into the

Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha system, which is controlled by the same capitalists that own the Northwestern. This line gives convenient communication with St. Paul and Minneapolis—which are about a hundred miles distant—and reaches off to the west into Iowa, South Dakota and Nebraska. The Northwestern proper reaches Mankato from Winona with a line that continues on westward across the State and into the Dakotas. This affords a direct route to Chicago, on which through sleepers are run. The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul starts a branch at Mankato which joins, at Wells, its main east and west line across Southern Minnesota and affords a direct route to Chicago by way of La Crosse, competing with the Northwestern in time and accommodations. The Minneapolis and St. Louis comes into Mankato on a branch which leaves its main line at Waterville, and runs a daily train to St. Paul and Minneapolis, leaving Mankato in the morning and returning in the evening. It will thus be seen that the city is admirably equipped for transportation facilities, and that its manufacturers can ship in all directions and its merchants can draw in trade from all points of the compass.

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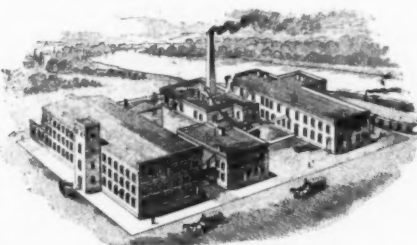
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The Standard Fiber-Ware Company—manufacturing pails, basins, etc., and the Mankato Knitting Mills—manufacturing all grades of men's, women's and children's hosiery and German and lumbermen's socks—from American and Egyptian cottons and from Minnesota, Dakota and Montana wools, are two substantial corporations that are under the same management and whose factories are operated by the same power-plant. The buildings are all of brick and stone and make a very attractive picture. So far as giving information is concerned it is almost unnecessary to speak of the products of these great works—and all for the reason that these goods and wares are already known and already sold and used from one end of the country to the other end. The fiber-ware is manufactured into an infinite variety of useful articles—none of which rust or soak and all of which are light, durable, and pleasing to the eye. It is with a feeling of pride that such Minnesota enterprises are illustrated; for they are so large, so important and so well-known, that Mankato must permit the State to share in their ownership.

Starting in 1884, the firm of Odjard and Knoff, manufacturers of and dealers in furniture of all kinds, has built up a business in Mankato which gives it great commercial prominence. At the outset the work was all done by hand, but it was not long before these enterprising gentlemen were operating a full-fledged factory and toiling hard to meet the demands upon them for the products thereof. They are now constructing a large new factory into which they expect to move about the first of December. It will be perfectly equipped and capable of turning out any and all kinds of work in their lines. Messrs. Odjard



COURT-HOUSE, MANKATO.

MANKATO.

The Central Commercial and Manufacturing Point of Southern Minnesota.

By E. V. Smalley.

It is interesting to study the causes that lead to exceptional growth in any particular town—that push one town ahead of its rivals and make it a center for business for a larger region of country than the county of which it is the capital. Sometimes the chief cause is found in early good fortune in securing railway competition; sometimes it can be traced to a water-power or to a peculiarly fertile section of contiguous country, and not infrequently it must be attributed to a few men of extraordinary energy and business capacity among the early settlers. Chance plays no part in the problem. There is always an adequate cause for the effect.

If we leave Winona, on the Mississippi River, where there are about twenty-five thousand people, and go across the State of Minnesota we shall find a number of thriving, handsome county-seat towns, each well-supported by the trade of its own county, but no one of them reaching out much beyond its county lines. The population of these towns ranges from two to five thousand. When we reach Mankato, at the big bend of the Minnesota River, where that stream changes its direction from a southeasterly course and flows off to the northeast, we come to a town of nearly twelve thousand people. Evidently, here is a place that has something more than country-trade to depend on. Here is a budding city with possibilities of continued growth. Fertile and well-settled as is the county of Blue Earth, of which Mankato is the capital, and also the county of Nicollet lying across the river, the trade that could be drawn from both to this

point would not develop a place of this size.

If you arrive for the first time as a stranger in Mankato, as I did recently, and are interested in learning its resources and the leading causes of its prosperity, you will not long be quartered at the commodious Saulpaugh House before you will be told of the great stone-quarries that ship the hard, yellow, Mankato limestone all over the State and to many places in other States. Evidently, here is one important industry that has helped push the town beyond the class of the ordinary county-seat village. You will soon be told, too, of the ledge of cement rock at the opposite end of the place from the stone-quarries and of the cement works that have been shipping, this year, thousands of barrels to the Twin Cities for paving purposes. Reason number two for Mankato's prosperity. Other good reasons are not far to seek in the factory that makes buckets, milk-pails and a variety of other household ware from flax fiber; in the factory for making creamery packages; in the flouring mills, and in the brick-yards and the brewery.

It is manufacturing, then, that has led to the steady growth of this handsome town at the bend of the Minnesota; but, without railroads for distributing on favorable terms the products of the quarries, mills and factories, little could have been accomplished. Mankato has been exceptionally fortunate in securing the competitive service of three strong railway systems. The pioneer railroad was the old St. Paul and Sioux City, one of the earliest lines in Minnesota. It was absorbed some fifteen years ago into the

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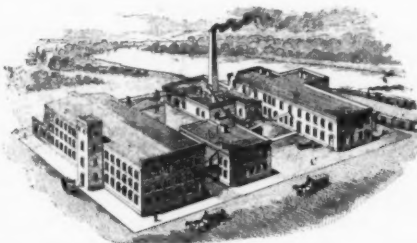
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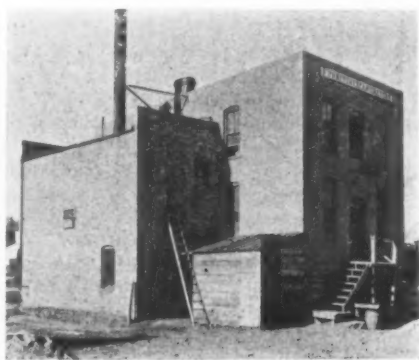
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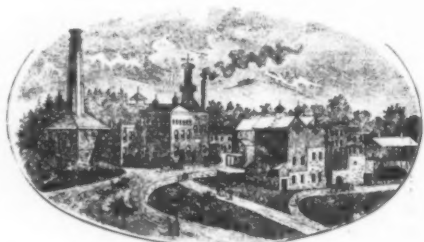
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THE ODJARD & KNOFF FURNITURE FACTORY, MANKATO.

and Knoff make a specialty of manufacturing office, bank and bar furniture, carry a full line of caskets, coffins and undertakers' supplies, and also exhibit well-selected stocks of all kinds and grades of carpeting, matting, rugs, oil-cloths, etc. Their place of business is at 516-18 South Front Street.

The Mankato stone-quarries, owned solely by Messrs. Widell and Company, are pretty thoroughly known throughout the State and the en-



THE CITY BREWERY, WM. BIERBAUER, PROPRIETOR, MANKATO.

tire Northwest. Six immense steam derricks are used in handling the output, and several hundred employees are on the company's payroll. Side-tracks from each railway line afford ample shipping facilities, the magnitude of the business justifying every possible accommodation. The firm's business is confined largely to railway and bridge contract work—such as stone masonry, etc. Building stone of all kinds is contracted for, however, and supplied promptly. Messrs. Widell and Company are amply able to



DAILY FREE PRESS BUILDING, MANKATO.

handle contracts of the most extensive nature, whether of a private or public character. Estimates are furnished for every description of stone work, and the fact that the quarries are kept in full operation speaks well for the firm's ability to secure contract orders. Mr. Widell owes his prosperity and prominence to hard work, good judgment and unfailing enterprise. He also has the reputation of doing exactly as he agrees to do—a prime business qualification.

ANOTHER "BRICK" POMEROY.

"There is an old man over in the Rochester basin," said a Madison County (Mont.) man to the Butte *Inter-Mountain*, "who is apparently engaged in the laborious enterprise of driving a tunnel for some projected railway through one of the ranges of mountains that enclose the basin. There are numerous gold leads in that vicinity, and the old man has been delving into that one mountain for the past four or five years, hoping to tap one of them. The most peculiar feature of his work, however, is that he is driving a tunnel which will easily allow a railroad engine to pass through. Owing to its great size, the work is necessarily slow, but the old man's explanation is, that when he taps the gold lead, which he believes he will, he can run the ore out on flat cars and supply the world with the yellow metal.

ANIMALS UNDERSTAND HYGIENE.

Enough is now known of the nature of animal materia medica to excite interest and curiosity. There is abundant evidence that many species know, and constantly make use, of simple remedies for definite disorders, and at the same time observe rules of health to which only the highest civilization or the sanction of religious prescription compels man to conform.

It has been noted that the general condition of animal health, especially in the case of the herbivorous creatures, corresponds not inexactly with that of such tribes as the Somalis, men feeding almost solely on grain, milk, dates and water, living constantly in the open air, moderate in all things, and cleanly, because their religion enjoins constant ablutions. Like them, wild animals have no induced diseases; the greatest number do not eat to excess; they take regular exercise in seeking their food, and drink only at fixed hours. Many of them secure change of climate, one of the greatest factors in health, by migration.

This is not confined to birds and beasts, for the salmon enters the soft water partly to get rid of sea parasites, and returns to the sea to recruit after spawning. With change of climate, change of diet, and perfectly healthy habits, their list of disorders is short, though they readily fall victims to contagious disease.

A TROUBLESOME METAL.

Singularly enough, iridium, though a metal of such comparative rarity, is said to be a source of no small trouble in the operations of our mints, on account of the difficulty experienced there in separating it from gold bullion. Practically, as is well known, this metal is utilized to some extent for making instruments of delicacy which require to possess the property of not corroding, and is obtained from iridosmine, a natural alloy of iridium, osmium, rhodium, platinum, and ruthenium, an extraordinary white mixture of rare metals, much of it being found in washing for gold in the beach sands of Oregon, and it resists the action of all single acids. In its use for tipping gold pens, in which it is especially serviceable, the grains of it, which are flat, like gold-dust, are picked out with magnifying glasses.

THE UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO.

BY FRANKLIN B. GAULT.

Seventy years ago the greatest friend the West ever had, asserted, upon the floor of the United States Senate, that the Rocky Mountains were a convenient natural boundary for the Republic and that the god Terminus should be set upon its highest peak. But this poetic language and classical allusion proved an illusory prediction. The American pioneer that, without organization, without leadership or concerted action, without means, each man relying upon himself, had swept Westward from the Connecticut to the Ohio and from the Ohio to the Mississippi, was not in the least deterred by the then fabulous American Desert and the impassable barriers of the Rocky Mountains. No figure in all our heroic history is so unique, persistent and self-reliant as the American pioneer. No conquering army, no invading host, no crusade of old, equaled the peaceful and persistent march of the pioneer as he followed Westward the Star of Empire. It was the conquest of the home over the wilds of prairie and forest. It was the subjugation of the forces of nature by the brain and brawn of the sturdy settler. In less time than could have been anticipated by the most iridescent dreamer, the Pacific Coast yielded to the peaceful conquest of the home-maker. And the school-house, the meeting-house and the courthouse were the first public buildings to mark the social progress of the people.

In that most delightful of Hezekiah Butterworth's many delightful books, "The School-House upon the Columbia," it is shown how an old-time Boston school-master was instrumental in securing Oregon to the American Union. This school-master, Kelley was his name, showing that he was the fine old Irish variety now wholly extinct, was, after the fashion of his calling, visionary and enthusiastic to a degree. But he interested a minister of strong missionary tendencies in Oregon, who in turn interested Senator Linn of Missouri, who, in December, 1838, introduced the bill into Congress which organized the Territory of Oregon. Upon the fiftieth anniversary of the beginning of Whitman's immortal ride, the University of Idaho was opened to students. It was the first effort the new State—the "Gem of the Mountains," had made in the way of higher education. Strangely enough the religious denominations, usually prompt to occupy a new field with some sort of educational effort, had failed to establish, even tentatively, any institutions for higher education. Though Idaho had been a Territory since 1863, no effort had been made to establish a university until 1889, when the institution was chartered by legislative enactment and a building fund created by a tax levy. In October, 1892, the institution was opened by availing itself of the Federal funds offered the States for the maintenance of colleges of agriculture and the mechanic arts, and agricultural experiment stations. The State of Idaho, by contributing five or six thousand dollars per annum for general operating and maintenance purposes, is thus enabled to sustain its university and agricultural college, as a combined institution, with comparative ease. The practical utility of centering the educational effort and forces of the State in the one institution, which, in the short space of three years, has attained a commanding position at home and in contiguous States, is already apparent to the people of this new commonwealth. Not only has taxation in support of higher education been maintained at a sum



MAIN BUILDING UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO.

purely nominal,—a question of no slight importance even to the older and stronger States during the prevailing hard times,—but one centralized and vigorous school has been developed instead of several alleged schools of doubtful public benefit. While several ambitious towns have been sorely disappointed because the State has failed to locate agricultural colleges and mining schools in their midst, the great body of the people of the State appreciate the advantages offered by the university through its well-maintained departments of study. The duplication of faculties, libraries, laboratories and other facilities is seen to be expensive and unproductive of the highest educational ends.

Though the university has thus had the entire field to itself, it was not a large and promising field. The population of Idaho is sparse. The towns are small and the cities not numerous or populous. The ranch population is isolated. The school-districts are large in area, but weak in educational influences. Starting thus in an unfinished and unfurnished building, without the favoring conditions of a well-sustained public school system, with a faculty of two members and destitute of students of a college grade; without a book or a single scientific instrument and in the wing of a building situated in the midst of a plowed field, its early days were humble enough and its beginning extremely modest. Today it has a faculty of fifteen thoroughly qualified teachers, a building that for beauty and utility is not easily surpassed, seven well-equipped laboratories, a good general library and several department libraries, and a student body consisting of four seniors, five juniors, eight sophomores, twenty-five freshmen, and a well-sustained preparatory school of 150 members that will send a large number into the freshman class next year. The schools of the State are beginning to feel the quickening influences of the university and are working now in harmony with its aims and are qualifying their pupils for the various preparatory classes or for the freshman class, as local limitations permit.

The real test of the success of an institution is not in its pretensions; not in a comparison with similar institutions under different conditions; not in its conformity to conventional standards. The vital questions are: "Is the said institution doing the work it should do? Is it true to its mission? Does it meet the requirements of the field it occupies?" The University of Idaho has no unusual organization. Nor does it ape the great universities of the Eastern States—nor has it taken for a model that greatest of all the new State Universities, the University of Minnesota. The University of Idaho has but one aim, to do for the youth of the new State of Idaho the educational work that is imperative, the work that is feasible, the work that leads inevitably to a higher scholastic standard in our citizenship, in our public school system and within the more exclusive domain of the institution itself.

The courses of instruction now offered are the classical, philosophical, scientific, civil engineering, mining engineering, and agricultural, together with courses in military tactics, music, manual training, and in all those branches that prepare the student to enter upon collegiate study. Idaho is a State of varied resources—agriculture, mining, stock-raising and horticulture, being in the lead. Both altitude and latitude modify the climatic conditions. We have irrigation from an altitude of six hundred feet to an elevation of six thousand feet; we have vast pluvial regions with an altitude of fifteen hundred feet, others greatly in excess of this altitude. We have placer mines and quartz mines; we have lead, gold, silver, copper, iron and many other metals. We have also extensive timber tracts of vast wealth, and regions wherein the propagation of forests will be necessary to make them enduring as habitations for men. All of these refractory conditions must be met by the disciplined mind and the skilled hand. Scientific education and its application to the industries of life must prepare our young men and women properly to rear the edifice whose motto has been decreed shall always be, "*Esto Perpetua.*" Hence

agriculture, horticulture, mining, engineering—civil and mechanical,—forestry, entomology, chemistry, geology and similar branches must be offered by the university of such a State. It is proposed to meet these demands and make the scientific departments strong in the instruction offered and in the facilities for such instruction. The college of agriculture and mechanic arts, the school of mines and the school of science will necessarily make heavy demands upon the young State for requisite support, if Idaho expects to educate its workers within its own borders. Only by a continued concentration of its educational forces can the State qualify its youth for wresting from nature its secret treasures. In connection with the agricultural department the university maintains three sub-stations for experimental work in agriculture:—one at Grangeville in the pluvial region, one at Nampa and one at Idaho Falls, both in the arid region. During the past growing season about twelve hundred varieties of grains, grasses, vegetables and fruits were grown upon each of these sub-stations. This is one of the finest variety tests ever conducted in the West, and it will prove of great practical benefit to the agricultural interests of the State.

In this article we have discussed measures rather than men. The personnel of the faculty can best be characterized by stating that the faculty is composed wholly of young men and women of culture and teaching power, workers thoroughly in accord with the new and hopeful life of the commonwealth. There has always been the most perfect harmony between the Board of Regents and the faculty, and between the faculty and the student body. Concord and co-operation prevail. Patiently, steadily, unobstructed, the university has done its work, gaining the public approbation by the steadfastness with which it has pursued the settled policy of the management to give the State an institution of learning worthy its confidence and support.

MEN OF STONE.

Among the natural wonders of the Southwestern States of America, says the *Pendleton East Oregonian*, are the Superstitious Mountains, which loom up from the arid desert to the east of the Salt River Valley. These mountains are so curious that, as long as Arizona has been settled, the Indians would have nothing to do with them. In consequence they are full of deer, ibex, bear, and other big game. The Superstitious Mountains rise out of the level surface of the desert, like pyramids of Egypt.

On the crest of this unique range, and in full view of the rarified atmosphere for an immense distance from the plain, are hundreds of queer figures, representing men in all attitudes. When you look first you are sure they are men, and when you turn your gaze again to them you are as absolutely certain of it as you can be of anything.

They represent ball-throwers, outlooks, mere viewers of the country roundabout, men recumbent and contemplative, others starting on a foot-race, and in every conceivable posture and position. They are not real flesh-and-blood men, however,—nothing but stone eyenite,—yet, nothing can convince the Indians and some white men that they are not genuine. They say they are real mortals turned to stone, petrified by the peculiar condition of the air on the mountains.

This belief has grown out of an Apache legend handed down for hundreds of years. They have it that an ancient chief, who had learned of the curious character of the Superstitious Mountains, forbade any of his people to go there. A large band, however, one day discovered a way to get in by a precipitous route, and finally reached the top. It resulted as the chief had said—they never got down alive.



Entered for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

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BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is published in St. Paul, Minn., on the first of each month.

ST. PAUL OFFICES: Bank of Minnesota Building, Sixth and Jackson Streets.

BRANCH OFFICES: Chicago, 210 S. Clark St. New York, Mills Building, 15 Broad Street.

THE TRADE is supplied from the St. Paul office of THE NORTHWEST, and also by the American News Company, New York, and the Minnesota News Company, St. Paul.

ADVERTISING RATES: Per agate line display, 25 cents; per inch, \$3.50. Discounts for time contracts. Reading notices, 50 cents per line count.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$2 a year; in advance.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS can commence at any time during the year.

THE POSTAGE to all parts of the United States and Canada is paid by the publisher. Subscribers in Europe should remit fifty cents in addition for ocean postage.

PAYMENT FOR THE NORTHWEST, when sent by mail, should be made in a Post-office Money Order, Bank Check or Draft, or an Express Money Order. When neither of these can be procured, send the money in a Registered Letter. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so.

DISCONTINUANCES.—Remember that the publisher must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his magazine stopped. All arrears must be paid. ALL LETTERS should be addressed to

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

ST. PAUL, NOVEMBER, 1895.

SURFACE WATER IN NORTH DAKOTA.

Some inconvenience is felt by farmers in North Dakota by reason of the drying up, year after year, of the sloughs and ponds that used to dot the prairies, and many people not well informed as to the history of older prairie regions, are jumping at the conclusion that a change of climate is in progress and that there is less annual rain and snow-fall than there was in the seventies and the early eighties when the country west of the Red River of the North was receiving its first settlement. Of course, this is a delusion. No appreciable changes of climate have taken place on any part of the North American continent since the earliest meteorological observations were made. In North Dakota the records made by army officers at the military posts antedate the first settlement by farmers. They show that, while there is often some variation in the amount of precipitation from one year to another, the aggregate of any five or six years is almost the same as that of any other similar period. Plainly, we must look for some other cause than a climatic change for the universal phenomenon of the subsidence of lakes and the entire disappearance of ponds and large sloughs. Nor is the explanation far to seek. When the prairies were in a state of nature their surface was covered by a thick mat of grass, which formed a thatch through which only a portion of the rain-fall and the water from melting snow could permeate. All the rest ran off, either in the streams or into depressions in the face of the country. East of the Missouri there are very few streams in North Dakota. A large part of the area has no natural drainage. Formerly the surface water, not carried off by the few creeks sought the low places and accumulated in ponds and sloughs, where it remained until evaporated by the summer sunshine. What has become of that water? Evidently it is absorbed into the

tilled fields and goes to make the crops of wheat, barley and oats. This change takes place in all new countries. It is nowhere more noticeable than in Minnesota. All over the prairie regions of this State can be found hundreds of old lake beds that are now meadows or cultivated fields, and the remaining lakes show evidences on their shores of a great subsidence in their levels. Our rivers do not carry off half so much water as they did in the years of the first settlement, back in the fifties and sixties. For example, the Minnesota River, which used to be regularly navigated by steamboats as far up as Granite Falls, a distance of over two hundred miles from Fort Snelling, does not now run water enough for a skiff to ascend it except in seasons of freshet. The water that used to fill its channel is now taken up by the farms along its valley and the valleys of its tributaries.

We may lament this change, but it is the inevitable result of settlement and tillage. The farmers in North Dakota are bothered to get water for their stock and to run the engines for their threshers. They can no longer resort to convenient sloughs, of which almost every quarter-section formerly had one or two. They must sink wells. They cannot eat their cake and have it, nor can they use the water nature sends from the clouds in rains and snows and at the same time store it up in sink-holes and ponds. Their use of it makes their crops, and with this they must be content.

COMPETING RAILWAY SYSTEMS.

The tendency of railway development in the Northwest during the past twenty-five years, unquestionably and to a marked degree, has been in the direction of the amalgamation of short roads into great systems. Only a few local lines have escaped this universal tendency and been able to maintain their independence. The result has not been, however, to stifle competition. On the contrary the systems compete more actively for business at important points than the little roads were able to do, and with their large resources and efficient management they are able to give the public better service than weak companies are in a condition to give. No opponent of railway consolidation objects to this movement or expects to check its further progress. What is objected to is the consolidation of great systems operating in the same regions of country. In Southern Minnesota the Milwaukee and Northwestern systems (the Omaha being an adjunct of the latter), reach almost every important town. These two great systems also have lines ramifying over the State of Wisconsin and the State of South Dakota. In Iowa the Burlington, the Rock Island, the Milwaukee, the Northwestern and the Chicago Great Western contest the field of traffic. In Northern Minnesota we have the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern and the Soo. Between the Twin Cities and the cities at the head of Lake Superior the Great Northern and Omaha systems have a sharp competitor in the old St. Paul and Duluth, so that the terminal points enjoy the advantage of three rival routes. In North Dakota the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific parallel each other in the Red River Valley and reach across the State with their transcontinental lines. Montana has these two systems and also a line of the Union Pacific. Washington has the same two systems and, besides, a long line of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company and a short line of the Spokane and Northern, which connects with the Canadian Pacific.

Thus it will be seen that throughout the Northwest we now have the competition of powerful companies, seeking public patronage by rivalry in comforts and conveniences furnished travelers and shippers. The towns which are not com-

petitive points, but are served by a single company, participate to a considerable extent in the benefits of this state of things, because the general competition fixes the quality of the entire service along a line, including the speed and character of trains, the promptness of moving and delivering freight and the treatment of the public by railway employees. The entire business public throughout the Northwest, judging from the expressions of the press and of prominent citizens quoted by the papers, looks with great disfavor on the pending project to begin the breaking down of the established order of competition by great railway systems and the inauguration of the California plan of delivering over an entire region to the sole possession of one transportation company. No intelligent Californian will assert that the Southern Pacific monopoly has not been highly detrimental to the prosperity of that State. Monopolies are always selfish and never beneficent in their disposition. A Great Northern monopoly in the Northwest would probably be no worse and would certainly be no better than the Southern Pacific monopoly in the Southwest. Does anybody favor such a monopoly except the men who have an obvious selfish interest in the carrying out of the scheme? Where is the independent newspaper that argues that competition is a bad thing and monopoly a good thing? Where is the prominent man of business who is on record as maintaining that the Northwest would be better off with only one system of railway, under one head, than it is now with two or three or four systems each under a different management?

Mr. J. J. Hill is quoted as saying that the time is not far off when there will be but four railway companies in the United States,—one controlling the lines in the Northwest, one those in the Southwest, one those in the South and the fourth those in the East. If his prophecy is ever realized there will be, of necessity, a close Federal supervision of railways in the interest of the people, and we shall then have taken a long step in the direction of a strong and highly centralized government. No true patriot longs for any such condition of affairs. The best and safest way to maintain the interests of the public in good and cheap railway service is to strengthen the existing system of competition by powerful railway companies, each owning a net-work of lines and all contending in a fair rivalry for business.

AN IMMIGRATION CONVENTION.

An important convention will assemble in St. Paul on the 19th of November and continue its sessions for three days. The topic for consideration will be the broad one of immigration to the Northwest, and this will naturally ramify into a number of links of talk. The call was issued by the Commercial Club, of St. Paul, and over five hundred invitations have been mailed to State officials, commercial bodies, municipal councils and other persons and associations interested in the development of the entire region, or any part of it, lying between the Great Lakes and the Pacific Coast. With the excellent crops of the present season and the advent of new life in the business world, the time is propitious for a general comparison of views and methods concerning immigration and a presentation of the special opportunities offered to settlers by the various States of the Northwestern belt. The Commercial Club may be congratulated on the timeliness of its action. The convention will undoubtedly bring to this city a large body of representative men. Summaries of their papers and speeches will go to the newspapers through the Associated Press dispatches and a great deal of good will be done by so reading, far and wide, practical information of just the kind wanted by people in the older sections of the country who

may think of moving West or of sending their boys out to find in a new country a broader field for their energies than they can find in their old homes.

MINNESOTA AGAINST THE GREAT NORTHERN.

The essence of the controversy between the State of Minnesota and the Great Northern Railway Company, which is the basis of the suit that has now gone to the Supreme Court of the State from the District Court of Ramsey County, and also of the suit which has been taken up from Judge Sanborn's U. S. Court to the Supreme Court at Washington, may be briefly summarized as follows: In 1856 the Legislature of the Territory of Minnesota granted a very broad charter to the Minneapolis and St. Cloud Railroad Company, to build a line between those two points and also a line from St. Cloud to Lake Superior. This charter was revived and enlarged by the State Legislature in 1865. It contained a provision authorizing its amendment by any subsequent Legislature, provided any such amendment should not destroy or impair the vested rights of the company. The charter gave the company the right to consolidate with any other railroad. Subsequently, by two statutes, the Legislature prohibited the consolidation of parallel or competing lines and the acquirement of stock control by any company in another company having a competing line. The Minneapolis and St. Cloud Company went to sleep and did not build a mile of road for thirty years. During that long period the State might have annulled its charter by a simple proceeding in court on the part of the attorney-general. Another company built a road between Minneapolis and St. Cloud. The charter was, however, kept in nominal existence, because its owners thought they could some day sell it to a live company, by reason of its very liberal and sweeping provisions for building, or buying, or consolidating with lines almost anywhere on the globe.

Finally, about 1890, Mr. J. J. Hill took this charter up and used it for organizing a construction company to build a line from Hinckley to Duluth. This line, as soon as built, was sold to the Eastern Railway Company. Then Mr. Hill, finding how much more elastic was this charter than that of his St. P., M. and Manitoba Company, under which his lines in Minnesota and Dakota had been built, changed the name of Minneapolis and St. Cloud to Great Northern and made an enormous leasing corporation, which now holds, under a 999 years lease, all the lines of the old Manitoba Company, and also those of the Montana Central, the Seattle and Northern and other roads forming a part of the present Great Northern system.

Mr. Hill now contends that the Great Northern possesses, under the old Minneapolis and St. Cloud charter, an indefeasible and sacred right, in the nature of a contract with the State, that can never be abrogated and constitutes a vested right, to consolidate the Northern Pacific with its own system, to own a controlling interest in the stock of that company, or to make such a traffic contract with it as will amount to a practical control.

The State contends that railway competition is essential to the welfare of the people; that no charter rights granted by a Legislature become indefeasible vested rights if prejudicial to the public welfare; that, inasmuch as the charter in question was declared to be a public act and open to future amendment, the proviso as to vested rights should be held to mean that any property acquired or contracts made by the company should not be interfered with by any subsequent legislation; that the reservation in terms of the power to amend and alter must be taken to apply to the important features of the act, such as the

right of consolidation, and not merely, as contended by the Great Northern, to mere details of organization, such as stockholders meetings, etc.

The Great Northern relies mainly on the celebrated Dartmouth College decision of the Supreme Court, which has been the leading decision for half a century on all questions involving the obligation of contracts between States and individuals or corporations. The State cites a number of decisions of equal force to the effect that no rights can vest by charters which are injurious to public welfare. The State also maintains that a railroad charter differs widely from charters of a private nature, from the fact that the construction of highways is a Governmental function and is delegated by the State to railway companies, and that such companies, therefore, are under its control and its charters granted to them may be changed by the law-making power. In support of this contention the State refers to the fact that, although many railroad companies were given in their charters the right to fix rates of fare and freight, the Supreme Court has decided that the Legislature may nevertheless disregard such charter provisions and compel the companies to charge such rates as it may deem reasonable.

It will be seen that the questions at issue gravely affect the self-governing powers of the people. If one Legislature can tie up its successors for all time, so they cannot prohibit consolidations of railways that will stifle all competition, one after another of the vital powers of government may be given away by charter acts until corporations, and not the people, will be the governing force in the State.

It is not easy to see just what practical point Mr. Hill expects to gain by carrying his friendly Pearsall suit to Washington, or by fighting the State in the courts with five lawyers against the attorney-general. For if it should be ultimately decided that the Great Northern has the vested right in Minnesota to consolidate with, or control by stock ownership, the Northern Pacific, in spite of the Minnesota statutes, nothing is gained by Mr. Hill in North Dakota, or Montana, or Idaho, or Washington, or Oregon, or Manitoba, where the Legislatures have enacted anti-consolidation laws and where the Great Northern cannot set up any plea of vested rights based on an old charter, or on any sort of a charter. If the Legislatures of those States could be persuaded by Mr. Hill's agents to repeal those laws,—a highly improbable contingency,—there would still be the Montana constitution, with its iron-clad prohibition of any sort of amalgamation, common interest or common management of competing railroads, to bar the way on seven hundred miles of territory. Perhaps Mr. Hill's real plan, now that the London agreement with the Deutsche Bank cannot be carried out, is to drop the Great Northern and acquire possession of the Northern Pacific by heavy purchases of its bonds and stocks. He knows now how vastly more productive and promising the Northern Pacific system is than his own, and how almost hopeless is the task of building up along his Pacific extension an amount of settlement and traffic that would make that long wilderness-line profitable, running, as it does, over bleak, arid plains, rugged mountains and sage-brush deserts.

A GOOD RECORD.

"Manifold are the uses of adversity," says the old scriptural proverb. This is verified in the case of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which is going through great tribulations, judicial as well as financial. Its difficulties, instead of demoralizing its actual operations and causing a lack of zeal and loyalty on the part of its employees, appear to have just the contrary effect. Everybody connected with the road, from general manager down to trackman, seems to be trying to do his

best to help the old pioneer line out of its troubles. The result is shown not only in the marked increase in earnings, which must be attributed to the general improvement in business as well as to the activity of the traffic agents of the road, but also in the decrease of the percentage of operating expenses to gross earnings, which has only been brought about by vigilant and intelligent economy and by professional skill in the reduction of grades, the additional work obtained from locomotives, the increase in the number of loaded cars hauled, in greater efficiency in shop and office work and in a multitude of other ways rarely practiced on roads that are in a flourishing financial condition. This is illustrated in the following summary statement of the operations of the Northern Pacific for September last:

Gross earnings.....	\$2,312,444.75
Operating expenses.....	1,140,973.53
Net earnings.....	\$1,171,471.22

Compared with the same month last year,
the gross earnings show an increase of... \$109,021.31
The operating expenses show a decrease of... 89,674.24
The net earnings show an increase of... 108,695.55
The percentage of operating expense to gross earnings was:

	Per Cent
In September, 1895.....	49.34
In September, 1894.....	55.85
Decrease of.....	6.51

To make a heavy increase in gross earnings and at the same time be able to show a decrease in operating expenses is a result that will attract wide attention among practical railroad men. It shows excellent management at the head and hearty co-operation throughout the ranks of officials and employees. The October statement, not yet made up, will be still more favorable than that for September. After the October and November results are made public, the German and American financiers who are largely interested in the securities of the road, will have a safe basis for a new reorganization plan which, we have no doubt, will be equitable for all classes of bondholders and will not seek to exclude any stockholder who is willing to pay a fair assessment.

THE Russian cactus law, passed at the last session of the North Dakota Legislature, has worked well during the past season in all localities where there has been a strong public sentiment in favor of its enforcement. The law provides that any person seeing cactus growing on any tract of land, shall inform the county commissioners by letter, giving a correct description of the tract. It then becomes the duty of the commissioners to at once notify the owner or tenant of that tract to eradicate the plants within a fixed time. If this is not done the commissioners must employ men to do the work and charge the expense in the next tax levy against that particular piece of land. Experience has shown that the best time to kill the cactus is immediately after harvest. The plants do not, as a rule, get much growth until the wheat is taken off the land and the sun can get at them. Then they spring up very rapidly. If pulled up before they mature their seeds there is no danger of a growth the ensuing year, for the plant is an annual, growing from seed and not from the roots. There is a State board for supervising the enforcement of the law, consisting of the governor and two private citizens, ex-Senator, L. R. Casey, of Jamestown, and Hon. W. H. Rowe, of Monango. The only difficulty in the enforcement of the law is the hesitancy some people feel about informing against their neighbors. Mr. Casey, in his talks with the farmers on this subject, tells them that they would not hesitate to complain if a neighbor's horse or cow were found destroying their wheat, and that they have the same right to prevent a neighbor from permitting cactus to go to seed which may cause them hundreds of dollars loss on their own wheat crop the ensuing year.



THE negotiations for the sale of the great Anaconda mining and smelting properties to the Rothschilds, are now believed to be concluded. The sale is not looked upon with favor by Montana people. The Rothschilds have great copper interests in other parts of the world and appear to be desirous of controlling the copper market. It might be for their interest to shut down the Anaconda mines for a long period for the sake of producing a scarcity of copper and pushing up the price. In that event nearly ten thousand men would be thrown out of work in Butte and Anaconda and the effect upon the general business conditions of the State would be disastrous. It would, in all ways, be better for Montana interests to have the Anaconda remain in the control of Marcus Daly. He has always been a loyal Montanian and has liberally spent his large income in the State. He has been a great developer. He has steadily increased the output of the mines and works and has always been ready to fight for Montana's copper interests against those of any other region or of all other regions combined. He has never been led into combinations to bull the market by ceasing production. He was a miner himself in his younger days and never has lost sympathy with the laboring men. A great deal of the prosperity of that part of Montana which lies west of the Main Divide can fairly be attributed to Mr. Daly's enterprise and to his determination to make the most of the Anaconda properties and to run them continuously without regard to the schemes of other copper producers.

THE talk about the reported sale of the Anaconda recalls the story of Marcus Daly's first appearance in Butte, about fifteen years ago. A sturdy-looking miner with a slight Irish brogue registered at a tavern in Butte as Marcus Daly, from Salt Lake City. He looked about the camp for a week or two, and when the landlord presented his bill he said he had no money. He was looking for a job, he explained, but, being a stranger, had not succeeded in getting work. "Now, if you will help me get a job I will soon be able to pay your bill," he told the landlord. The landlord saw a friend—who was superintendent of one of the mines—and recommended Daly as a husky young fellow who seemed to know about mining. Daly worked only a few days in that mine and then told the landlord he had quit because the mine was wet and he was afraid he would get rheumatism. The landlord got him a job in another mine. He stuck to that only a few days, and then loafed about the tavern for a week. The board-bill was running up and the host had not yet seen the color of his guest's money. "What sort of a job do you want, anyhow?" he asked the boarder. "I have got two places for you and you don't keep them." "I think the Alice mine would suit me pretty well," Daly replied. "I have been talking with the men about it. Couldn't you get me a job in the Alice?" The obliging landlord climbed the hill to the Alice and interceded with the boss, who agreed to give the young fellow a trial and see whether he was good for anything. Daly worked about a month in the Alice and managed to get into all the levels. Then he asked for his time, paid his board-bill and left town. Not long afterwards

the Alice was bought by the Walkers of Salt Lake City, and it turned out that the young Irish miner who came to Butte looking for a job, was their expert agent who had learned all they wanted to know about the three mining properties that were offered them and on whose judgment they made the important purchase. When Daly returned to Butte it was as a mining superintendent, with a good salary.

S. A. THOMPSON, of Duluth, formerly secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of that city and well-known throughout the Northwest as a thoughtful writer and a forcible platform speaker, has been looking into the climate, resources and settlement of the Canadian Province of Alberta, which stretches along the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains for five hundred miles northward from the American boundary. He puts the results of his observations in an article in the October number of the *New England Magazine*, and he appears to have settled to his own full satisfaction the question, much mooted among Canadians themselves, of whether that far-northern region is fitted for general agriculture. Mr. Thompson spent some time during the fall of 1894 at Edmonton, a town situated on the North Fork of the Saskatchewan, one thousand miles northwest of Winnipeg and five hundred miles due north of Helena, Montana. There he visited an agricultural fair and saw fine specimens of almost every product usually displayed at such fairs in Ohio, "except corn and grapes." He probably should have included in the exception apples and all other fruits except berries. The wheat, oats, barley and vegetables were noticeably fine. He ate ripe tomatoes in October. The winters, he tells us, are no more severe than those of Winnipeg and the summer days are considerably longer, so that all vegetation develops with surprising rapidity. The country abounds in running streams, and in groves of timber scattered over the prairies, and is altogether an attractive region. Among the people are about five hundred families that have migrated from various parts of the United States. The motives for this movement he found, on inquiry, to be almost as varied as the number of people he questioned, but he thinks the dominant purpose was a desire to secure free homesteads. Mr. Thompson seems to have overlooked what, probably, was at bottom the strongest feeling inducing these former Americans to go so far and make new homes under the British flag, namely, the same feeling that prompted thousands of the settlers in our Western communities to change their habitat. This feeling is restlessness and desire for change and adventure. It is not likely that these settlers in Alberta knew enough about that region before they set out for it to make any just comparison of its merits with those of their old home sections. They heard pleasing reports from agents of the Canadian Pacific Railway, were dissatisfied where they were, for one reason or another—generally from lack of success or of pleasant social surroundings, and they set out eagerly for what was represented to them as a new land of promise.

SOME dozen years ago, while traveling in Southern Oregon by wagon, I met a caravan of "movers" who told me they had left California because it was too dry. Next day I overtook a south-bound party who said they were leaving Oregon because it was too wet. These people belonged to a distinct class to be found in all new regions, with whom moving is the great adventure and romance of life. They are always dreaming of some better country far off. They never take firm root in any place. Their ordinary lives are prosaic and eventless; but the migrations they have made furnish them with endless themes for talk, and they look forward to another move as a soldier does to a campaign, a

landsman to a long sea voyage, or a Chicago woman to a trip to Paris. No doubt many of the Americans in Alberta belong to this class. I am glad to hear, however, from so competent an observer as Mr. Thompson, a favorable account of the country. He does not think it will be a wheat exporting region, because of its distance from the sea, unless a route should be opened to the markets of the world by way of Hudson's Bay; but he believes a prosperous population will grow up, supported by cattle-raising, wool-growing and the cultivation of food crops for home consumption—a population that will live largely on its own resources. The comparative mildness of the climate, for so high a latitude, he explains by the low altitude of the region (Edmonton is only a little over 2,000 feet above sea-level, whereas the fertile valleys of Montana have an altitude of from 3,000 to 4,500 feet) and by the low passes in the mountains through which the warm Chinook wind blows from the Pacific. He does not discuss the important matter of summer frosts as thoroughly as might be wished, nor does he give tables of annual precipitation to compare with those of familiar regions longer settled. We take it for granted that there is a greater rain-fall than in the same longitudes in Montana, and also that there is more liability to frosty nights in July and August. If Alberta, or any large part of it, is really fitted by nature for contiguous settlement by quarter-section farmers, the fact is of great importance in connection with the problem of Canada's future. With a West of her own to people and develop, Canada might check the drain of her best young blood to the United States and might look forward hopefully to ultimate nationality. People in our Northwestern tier of States will hope that Mr. Thompson is altogether correct in his estimates and predictions. They will not be jealous because of a few thousand Americans who may settle in Alberta. For every American family that migrates to Canada, twenty Canadian families come to the States. Everybody in North Dakota and Northern Minnesota is interested in the progress of Manitoba. It is in all ways better to have a prosperous community north of us across the boundary, instead of a wild country. For the same reason, Montana people will follow with much interest and satisfaction the movements for the development of Alberta. There is already a rail connection between Great Falls and Lethbridge. The time may come when through trains will run between Helena and Edmonton, and there will be a large current of commerce and travel between Montana and Alberta.

BUDD REEVE, the eccentric North Dakota farmer and politician, who is always doing or saying something original, has lately set out on a canvass to raise money for the support of the State University and the two State normal schools, which failed to obtain the necessary appropriations from the late Legislature. He gives an entertainment in the towns, assisted by good local talent, and turns over the net proceeds to these institutions. His coming is heralded by a circular headed "Second Epistle of Budd, the Philanthropist, to his Friends, Scandinavians and Fellow Countrymen," in which he sets forth a number of pertinent facts in relation to the big wheat crop of this year and the general well-being of the North Dakota people. He says that the wheat crop of the State, this year, amounts to 62,000,000 bushels, of which 50,000,000 bushels will be shipped. At forty cents a bushel this will bring into North Dakota \$20,000,000 in cash, or \$500 for every voter. He adds \$500 more for the flax, oats, barley, cattle, hogs, sheep, potatoes, etc., and thus figures out an average cash income this year, from the products of the soil, of \$1,000 for each voter or \$200 for every man,

woman and child. After this handsome showing of actual wealth produced in a single year, his request for fifteen cents per capita for the support of the three most important educational establishments in the State appears very modest. Budd always looks on the bright side of things. He says he is "a believer in womanhood and manhood; in the virtue and good intentions of the human family—that the majority love the true, the beautiful, the good; that Satan himself would change his abode if he could."

DISCOURAGING reports come from the Rainy Lake gold region, on the northern border of Minnesota, about which there was a great deal of talk and newspaper sensation a year or two ago. The only working mine at Rainy Lake City has shut down and that town of great expectations has gone into a rapid decline. Gold-bearing ore does not make a gold mine. This truism of old mining districts is never recognized by the prospectors and boomers of new fields. There are thousands of localities where a little gold can be extracted from the quartz, but paying gold mines are few and far between. Ultimately, the real gold fields of the Rainy Lake region will be found in the rich alluvial soil and the crops it will grow. At no distant day the whole valley of Rainy River will be cleared and occupied by prosperous farmers, and a railroad will take their products to the Twin Cities and to Duluth and Superior.

UP to October 21 the increase in the gross earnings of the Northern Pacific since July 1, over the same period for 1894, were \$1,034,750. These figures are very encouraging to the stock and bondholders and very discouraging to the people who were a few months ago endeavoring to turn the road over to the Great Northern for a guarantee of interest charges based on the low earnings of last year, when general railway business all over the country was at the lowest hard-times stage.

THE death by suicide at St. Paul, on Oct. 21, of Fred H. Adams, editor of the *New Whatcom* (Wash.) *Reveille*, will be deeply regretted by the many friends of that talented journalist. Mr. Adams went from Wisconsin to North Dakota in the early days of the great immigration movement into what was then Dakota Territory, and established the *Courier* at the new town of Cooperstown. His talent and industry soon won him a fair degree of prosperity, but he longed for a wider field of action than he could find in a little county seat on the prairies, so he sold his paper about six years ago and, with a partner, Mr. Evans, bought the *Reveille*, one of the oldest weeklies in the Puget Sound region. As the town grew the weekly expanded into a daily and the partners built up a good business. Mr. Adams' genius as a writer made the paper widely known and quoted. He had a rare humorous vein to which he constantly gave rein in his editorials, and he now and then produced a poem that had the quality of genius. Our readers may remember his poem suggested by an old cedar tree supposed to have been a sapling when Christ was born, which we published some two years ago. Mr. Adams went to his old home in Madison, Wisconsin, about a month ago, to visit his mother and sister. He sent us from there an interesting article on the present condition of the Puget Sound Country, which will appear in our December number. He had his sleeper berth engaged for his return trip from St. Paul to Whatcom, and his friends in this city bade him goodbye at the train. Some mysterious change of will came over him after they had left him. He got off the train, went to a hotel, was heard walking about in his room during the night, and at four in the morning he went down stairs, drank a glass of water in the office and, going out on

the sidewalk, put a bullet through his brain. Ill health and resulting melancholy are supposed to have led him to make an end to his earthly career.

ALL men interested in navigation on the Great Lakes, and all friends of the deep-waterways movement, regret the untimely death of Col. Orlando M. Poe of the United States Engineer Corps. Although sixty-three years of age, Col. Poe had lost nothing of his vigorous personality and clear intellect up to the time of his last brief illness. For many years he has been at the head of all the Government improvement works between Duluth and Buffalo. He planned and carried out the work at the Sault Ste. Marie



THE LATE GEN. O. M. POE.

docks, the Hay Lake channel, the St. Clair flats' channel and the Lime Kiln Crossing. Under his direction over \$40,000,000 of Government money was expended, and no charge was ever made that a dollar was wasted or misappropriated. Col. Poe was born in Ohio in 1832, graduated from the Military Academy at West Point in 1856, and won the rank of colonel and brevet brigadier-general during the civil war.



'The Stark Munro Letters, by A. Conan Doyle,' is the title of a book that is attracting a good deal of attention just now. There is nothing that can be called a plot in the story and nothing very dramatic, but the efforts of a young doctor to get a foothold in his profession are told in Dr. Doyle's vigorous and attractive style—his experience as physician to a noble lunatic, as assistant to a successful doctor in a coal-mining neighborhood, as assistant to a prosperous quack in a big town and, finally, his struggle to build up a practice of his own, subsisting at first on a shilling a day and polishing up his brass sign himself in the friendly obscurity of night. The hero is a manly, unselfish, plucky fellow and he makes his way in the end and marries a nice girl. The popularity of the book must be attributed largely to the vein of philosophic and religious argument which runs through the letters. Dr. Stark Munro takes what might be called the religio-scientific view of God, man and the universe. He has no use for the old theologies, but at the same time he is profoundly reverent and he looks upon an agnostic as an absurd sort of a creature. He cannot conceive that any man can continue to survey nature and deny that there are laws at work which display intelligence and power. The existence of a

world carries with it the proof of a world-maker, as the table guarantees the pre-existence of the carpenter. "It isn't true," he says, "that the great central Mind that planned all things is capable of jealousy or revenge, or of cruelty or of injustice. These are human attributes, and the book which ascribes them to the Infinite must be human also. It isn't true that the laws of nature have been capriciously disturbed, that snakes have talked, that women have been turned to salt, that rods have brought water out of rocks. It isn't true that the Fountain of all common sense should punish a race for a venial offense committed by a person long since dead, and then should add to the crass injustice by heaping the whole retribution upon a single innocent scape-goat. Can you not see all the want of justice and logic, to say nothing of the want of mercy involved in such a conception?"

In another chapter he says: "What could be more noble than the start and the starter of Christianity? How beautiful the upward struggle of the idea, like some sweet flower blossoming out among rubbish and cinders. But, alas! to say that this idea was a final idea! That this scheme of thought was above the reason! That this gentle philosopher was the supreme intelligence, to which we cannot even imagine a personality without irreverence—all this will come to rank with the strangest delusions of mankind." The book is published by D. Appleton & Co., and is for sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery Company.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, issue in the handsome style and perfect typography characteristic of their Riverside Press, "A Sketch of the Life and Work of the Painter Domenico Morelli, by Ashton R. Willard, with eight heliotypes." To Morelli is attributed the most important movement in Italian art in the present century. He was born at Naples in 1826, of humble parents, who did not even keep a record of the date of their children's births. Neither his father nor his mother could read or write, and his childhood and youth were a constant struggle with hardships and privations. The mother was ambitious, however, and managed to get for the boy a little rudimentary education by the aid of the priests of the parish. His artistic talent was early manifested, but he did not, like most artists, display any marked cleverness in drawing during his youth. The author sketches the steady growth of his powers. He was a born innovator, and in the sacred subjects which were the favorite themes for his paintings he disregarded the methods of the old masters of the classic school. As one illustration of his method the author produces his picture of the prophet Jeremiah coming forth into the streets of Jerusalem to utter his prophecy of the destruction of the city. The time-honored interpretation of this subject would be a classic portico for a background and, in the foreground, a group of dignified personages in Roman togas listening with awe-struck countenances to the declamations of some conventional prophet, with corrugated brows and dramatic gestures. Morelli shows us an oriental of the orientals, attired in the dress which they wear today and wore then, coming out of the dark doorway of his dwelling and delivering his prophetic message to no artificially-prepared audience gathered to listen to his words, but to a group of the idlers and loungers who pass their useless existence in the streets. Yet the picture is vivid and impressive. Morelli began to draw pupils as early as 1860, and by 1875 the flocking of young men to him for instruction surpassed anything seen in Italy since the time of Canova. In 1880 the jury of an Italian art exhibition pronounced him to be the leader of Italian art. (For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery Co.)



A New Commercial Field.

The new freight and passenger service that was inaugurated recently by the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway Company between St. Paul and Minneapolis and Des Moines and Omaha, has already resulted in great good to the Twin Cities. Up to this time Chicago jobbers have had a practical monopoly of the trade from this rich territory, but now that our Minnesota jobbers are given an advantage of thirty-six hours in time and from twenty to thirty cents per hundred pounds in the cost of transportation of freight, there is no reason why the major portion of this trade should not come to Minneapolis and St. Paul. Following the introduction of this quick-time and low-rate service was another example of enterprise, by the same railway company, in conjunction with the Twin City commercial associations, that was of almost equal importance. This consisted of a series of excursions from Iowa business points to the two cities. It supplemented the first named enterprise in a very effective manner. On each occasion a large number of leading Iowa business men were brought hither for the purpose of seeing the two cities and in order that they might become acquainted with our jobbers and the magnitude of the houses and interests represented by them. They were shown the two cities and their magnificent resources. They were led to see and to understand, for the first time to the majority of them, that the Twin City facilities for supplying their needs were little if at all inferior in magnitude—certainly not in variety, grades and prices—to those possessed by Chicago jobbers. As a matter of fact, these excursions were eye-openers to the Iowa merchants. Our massive warehouses and immense stocks surprised them. The ability of Twin City wholesalers to duplicate all Eastern quotations and not infrequently to undersell them, was to them a new chapter in commercial history. They were not asked to make purchases upon these visits, but it is well-known that many of them did leave orders with our jobbers and that these orders have been followed by a larger volume of business since their return to their respective localities.

The new territory thus thrown open to the enterprise of Twin City jobbers and manufacturers comprises many of the most productive counties in the State of Iowa. It extends from the thriving city of Albert Lea in Southern Minnesota to and beyond Fort Dodge, the first town of any considerable magnitude this side of Des Moines. All along this route are populous towns and rich farming communities. There is no reason why our jobbers should not extend their trade clear through to Angus, a town in the southwestern part of Boone County and about sixty miles northwest of Des Moines. And, unless the freight tariffs are antagonistic, it would seem that the entire northern tier of counties in Iowa—thirty-nine counties in all and extending to within a short distance of Marshalltown—belong by right to the jobbing interests of the Twin Cities. The competition that would have to be met lies chiefly in Sioux City, Council Bluffs, Fort Dodge and Des Moines. Omaha

sells but little in Iowa, and Fort Dodge jobbing interests are of little magnitude. Des Moines, Sioux City and Marshalltown each have fairly good houses in grocery and hardware lines, but there are no Iowa markets in the northwestern part of the State that compare with either St. Paul or Minneapolis. Chicago is the one great rival for this trade, and Chicago is just now placed at a disadvantage.

Great credit is due to the management of the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway Company for thus making the conquest of this territory possible. That our jobbers and manufacturers appreciate their new privileges is a self-evident fact. Traveling salesmen are already cultivating the towns along the route, and the business that is being done justifies the hope that Northwestern Iowa may soon be welded to the Twin Cities beyond all dispute.

Interesting Chat About Teas.

A train consisting of thirty-two cars loaded with teas stood on the Northern Pacific tracks the other day at Bozeman. The tea came from China and Japan. Its entrepot was Tacoma; its destination, New York. Having a few moments to wait for the West-bound train, the thought occurred to me that a little figuring would not be time mispent.

Each car, I ascertained, carried about 40,000 pounds. A train of thirty-two cars would, therefore, contain an aggregate of 1,280,000 pounds of tea. Estimating the average cost of the entire cargo at the very low figure of twenty-five cents a pound, it gave a value of \$320,000. I learned further that twelve of these trains had passed over the Northern Pacific road during the past summer. That being the case, I continued my simple process of multiplication and found that there had passed over the road 384 cars carrying 15,360,000 pounds of tea valued at \$3,840,000.

When one considers the total weight and the aggregate value of these twelve trains, the problem becomes more bewildering and interesting. This, too, is but a tithe of what enters into the United States. And, added to these large amounts is the vast sum paid out annually by the consumers of this commodity—a sum which is more than double the first cost of the product. Nevertheless, it is one of the luxuries—I might say necessities—which the American people will not forego.

Viewing the article from either standpoint, the Americans are sadly deficient in the art of tea making. In the first place, they do not select the proper kind of teas. They seem to think, if the subject is given any thought whatever, that all teas are alike. In the preparation of the delicious beverage they are all treated alike. Again, a small or large quantity is used, paying little or no attention to a test sample in order to ascertain the proper amount for drinking. And here is another fact which should not be overlooked in the art of tea drinking, namely, teas are grown with a view to their body, style and flavor.

With reference to these qualities they may readily be compared to the choicest wines and finest brandies. The majority of people use

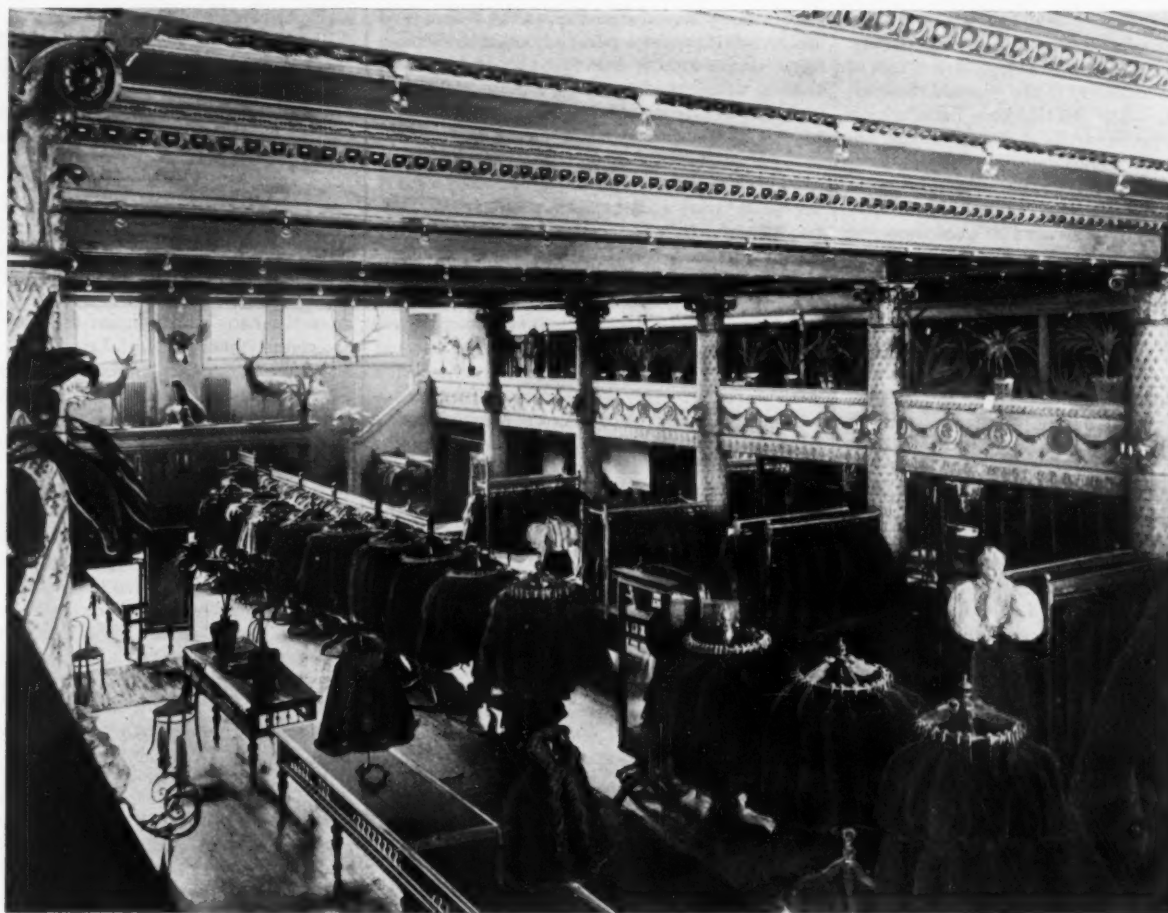
green or Japan teas from the fact that they are called teas; and that is all they seem to know or care; whereas, were they to pause and think a moment, they could not fail to discover that they are not only being defrauded by using a poor quality of tea, but that it works a positive injury to their health. The Chinaman, the Japanese, the dweller of Ceylon, the connoisseur, do not drink or use green or Japan teas. The oolong, or black tea, the English breakfast, the Formosa, or the Ceylon, are the teas which they invariably use. If accustomed to green or Japan teas, a liking for the others must be acquired. Another fact about teas: It matters not how excellent the quality, if the cook allows the tea to boil, that is condemnation sufficient. The proper way is to ascertain the amount necessary for as many cups as you desire; then pour on boiling water, let it stand for a few moments, transfer to another vessel into which has been poured boiling water, serve from the latter, and you will not complain of that villainous cup of tea which completely unsettled you for the night.

While discussing teas, another point is well worth considering. Most people, especially Americans, say they take it for the trimmings. A properly-drawn cup of oolong, English breakfast or Ceylon tea, does not require trimmings, i. e., cream, milk, or sugar. If of the latter let it be in the smallest quantity. The aroma of tea is so delicate that the least foreign element spoils it. Furthermore, as the chemist or physician will tell you, these things are not compatible. Especially is this true in the use of cream or milk when the tea is boiled. Not only has the aroma become dissipated, but the active principle therein is also destroyed. A large amount of tannin has been extracted from the boiled leaves, and the result is tannate of caseine. The tannin acts on the caseine in the milk or cream, which is precipitated, and one gets a leathery substance that is unwholesome and unfit to be received into the stomach. It finds its way to the stomach at once, where it works ruin to the digestive economy and impairs the entire human organism. For these reasons I would urge my readers to stop drinking boiled tea—and, more especially, to eschew the "trimmings." W. S. EBERMAN.

The Canning Industry in the Northwest.

The Northwestern Farmer of this city expresses the opinion that the canning of corn "is one of the lesser industries that are adapted to the Northwest." The same authority says that a leading North Dakota paper urges the establishment of canning factories in that State, but wishes this to be done on an extensive scale. The fact that nearly 30,000,000 cans of corn are put up annually by Maine canners alone, not to speak of the other millions of cans that are put up in Iowa and in other States of the Union, would seem to elevate the canning of corn somewhat above the "lesser industries." In reality it is one of the largest and most popular industries in the country, and it is becoming larger and more popular yearly. It will not do to rank canning factories of any kind among the lesser industries. This is a mistake that has been made too often—the proof of the assertion being seen everywhere in the shape of abandoned canning plants and disappointed stockholders. The time has gone by when factories of this nature can be established successfully from small beginnings. The modern idea is larger and modern trade requirements different and more exacting. Competition is no longer what it was in the old days, when even the smallest manufacturer stood on terms of equality with the larger ones.

For these reasons the North Dakota idea is the better one. To be successful a canning factory needs to be conducted on an extensive scale. It takes capital to construct and equip a plant, and more capital to buy the raw product. After this



INTERIOR VIEW OF RANSOM & HORTON'S SALESROOM, ST. PAUL.

has been provided other capital is called for to meet the operating expenses. Lastly, and most difficult of all, is the finding of a market for the manufactured product. Here is where the home product comes in competition with the food products of old, established factories. Prejudice is to be overcome. Families that have been using certain brands of corn for years will not yield their preference readily even to favor a "home industry." They experimented in this manner in times past, frequently to their sorrow, and they cling to a known food article with a positive bias. In all probability the first season's run of a factory would result in a loss to all interested.

That canning factories are adapted to Minnesota and the Dakotas, no one will deny. By all means let them be built; but, whenever and wherever factory construction is attempted, let it be on such a scale and with such a capital as shall guarantee success.

A St. Paul Salesroom.

The beautiful business house of Messrs. Ransom & Horton at Nos 99 and 101 East Sixth Street, St. Paul, an interior view of which is given in this number, illustrates the progress that is being made in Northwestern commercial architecture. It has the reputation of being one of the finest and largest fur houses in America. The columned salesroom, with its many electric lights and rich, gold decorations on a pearl-white background, is really one of the most elegant retail resorts to be seen west of New York. It is an old house, thoroughly reputable, and the stock carried is rich, varied, and always up to date so far as fashions are concerned. Messrs. Ransom & Horton have an extensive out-of-town trade and solicit it especially. Goods are sent on

approval anywhere, and great care is taken in filling orders. Write to them for a catalogue.

About St. Paul Jobbers.

Writing of St. Paul, a correspondent of the *Chicago Evening Journal* has the following good words for the city's jobbing interests:

"So far as the commercial world of St. Paul is concerned, the refrain of hard times which has been too frequently on the lips of the civilized world for the last few years, is a thing of the past. Here especially, at the very threshold and gateway of the teeming Northwest, have the clouds of financial depression been lifted, and once again is the land blessed with the dawn of prosperity.

"Now that the crisis has passed and the storm has been successfully weathered, it is gratifying to record that, during the troublesome period just passed, not a single wholesale or jobbing house of St. Paul went to the wall, which is the best evidence of the sound and substantial character of the concerns. Within the past few years the jobbing trade of this city has expanded to an extent but little dreamed of even by the most enthusiastic advocate of the material interests of the community, and its present great magnitude and future possibilities are subjects for endless speculation and wonder. As compared with a short time ago, the conditions are most favorable for a rapid increase in the volume of trade, a fact due to low and equitable freight-rates and the new territory which is constantly being opened, especially in the Coast States, and in Utah and Colorado, where the interests of the jobbers of St. Paul are looked after by resident agents.

"Only a few years ago St. Paul jobbers had to meet the powerful opposition of Chicago, St. Louis and even New York dealers, but all this

has been changed, and today the jobbers of this city have for their theater of action the vast expanse of rich, populous and fertile territory extending from the Mississippi River to the lakes and from St. Paul to the Pacific Coast—a limitless empire which, for natural resources and the enterprise and activity of its residents, is not surpassed in the world. The freight tariffs, which rose as a wall of granite and discriminated against the jobbing trade of this section, have been battered down, and the rightful heirs to the land of promise have entered into their inheritance. Heretofore the voice of the Eastern drummer was to be heard singing the praises of his wares, but now the knight of the grip representing the progressive and enterprising merchants of St. Paul is to be encountered at every town and city on every railroad train in the West. In bringing about this condition of affairs, the railroads should receive due credit, the results being made possible by their liberal policy and co-operation.

"According to a recent canvass of the situation as gleaned from the conversation of the foremost jobbers of the city, they are at present enjoying a larger patronage than ever before, this being especially true of the leading dry goods, grocery, drug, hardware and boot and shoe houses, many of which enjoy the distinction individually of transacting a greater volume of business than even their more pretentious competitors of the larger metropolitan cities."

Modern Business Methods.

It is difficult to understand why so many business men persist in following methods that were long ago laid upon the shelf in all live, progressive business circles. They pursue the same old system of credits that has been the death of so

many firms, and experience, as a matter of course, the same annual difficulty in collecting their bills. If they only would subscribe to some reliable commercial agency,—like the Gifford Mercantile Agency, the Northwestern offices of which are at Nos. 513 14 in the Washburn building, St. Paul,—they would find helps which would save them hundreds of dollars and an untold amount of hard work and nervous worry.

The Gifford Mercantile Agency, by the way, is represented in over 26,000 towns and cities. For six dollars a year any business man can become a member of the agency and be entitled to special reports on any firm or individual whose credit, or whose lack of credit, he may wish to establish. If an unknown person asks credit of a grocer the grocer can, if a member of this agency, quickly ascertain whether the person is or is not worthy of credit. The agency either has the person's past record or it will speedily obtain it and furnish the same to the grocer—who then knows what to do. Without such data, the grocer, or any other dealer, is liable to extend credit indiscriminately—to dead beats as well as to honest men. The same is true of all lines of business. If a man wishes to rent one's house and chances to be a stranger to the landlord, who will question the advisability of first ascertaining whether or not the would-be tenant has the reputation of paying his rent promptly? An application made to the Gifford Mercantile Agency for such information would determine the question once for all, and the landlord would either be sure that he had secured a good tenant or that he was well rid of a worthless one. And so one might go on multiplying instances without number.

The work of the agency is equally good for jobbers, retailers, and all business men whose dealings are with the individual members of a community. It embraces four departments. There is a publishers' collection department, a mercantile collection department, a personal injury department and a reporting department. Law and mercantile reports and collections are among the chief specialties. It may be said that the publishers' department looks after the collection of delinquent newspaper and advertising accounts, and that the agency has met with surprisingly good success therein. A large business is transacted and the growth thereof is steady and permanent. Promptness in making collections and in making detailed mercantile reports has gained many friends and patrons for the agency—jobbing collections in particular being a great specialty. Should any reader be sufficiently interested to desire further knowledge of the business, the agency will furnish references and give full terms on application to the St. Paul office. The same parties are St. Paul representatives of the Martindale Mercantile Agency of Chicago, thus adding to the advantages which they already enjoy over many competitors.

Preparing Whalebone for Market.

The Seattle (Wash.) Times mentions the arrival of a schooner with a partial cargo of whalebone bought from the Esquimaux who inhabit the frigid shores of the Arctic circle in America. Whalebone, as many probably do not know, comes in long strips, one edge of which has a feathery condition, which is probably part nature and partly caused by the use to which it is put by the whale. The whalebone answers the whale for practically the same purpose that gills do fish, but he makes great use of it in taking up from the sea the dainty morsels on which he feeds and subsists. The pieces of bone are rather more like a rubber substance than bone, some of them being ten or twelve feet long. To remove the oil the bone is first soaped and scrubbed thoroughly with a stiff brush and is rubbed briskly in sand and dirt, which takes up, dis-

solves or removes the oily substance. After the bone has been so treated and dried in the sun, it has a cleanly appearance and, to the touch, does not give evidence of having any oil in it. Whalebone is said to be worth, in its crude condition, \$2.50 a pound, and one single piece will weigh from one to two pounds.

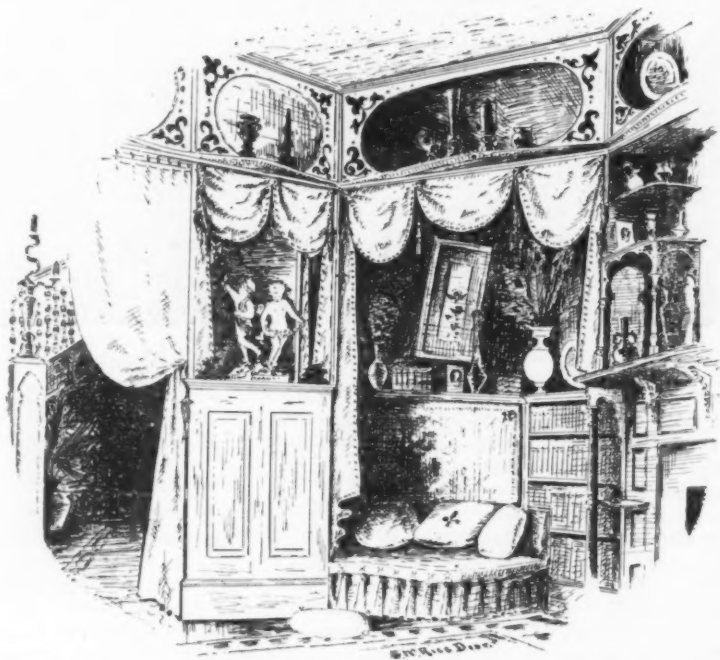
A Bit of Decorative Art.

The accompanying sketch, illustrating a bit of artistic interior work by Messrs. Samuel W. Rice & Company, shows the end of a long, broad hall. About two feet forward of the alcove space occupied by the stairway, is built a screen composed of fretwork panels, made of simply-constructed artistic forms, as a receptacle for statuary, vases, and the many curios which delight the eye and please the senses. As a part of the scheme the decorators have filled in the remaining space around to the fire-place with the combination of a luxurious wall-couch and convenient place for books, crowning the whole with a piece of screen-work thrown across the corner to the mantle, which in turn forms a continuation and part of the whole. With the application of choice

tention to groups, live-stock, machinery, etc. It is doubted if there is a better equipped photographic studio in the West. Examples of their skill will be found in this number of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, Messrs. Dickey & Schad having furnished the exterior views of the Lindeke, Warner & Schumeler and the P. H. Kelly Mercantile Company buildings, and the interior view of Ransom & Horton's elegant house.

A Snap for Retail Merchants.

Many retail merchants throughout the Northwest would like to sell wall papers if it were not for the expense of carrying a full line of such goods in stock. Elsewhere in this issue is an advertisement which meets this emergency exactly, and it merits careful reading. The Western Wall-Paper Company at 468 Jackson Street, St. Paul, wishes to secure one reliable agent in each town throughout the Northwest. To these agents will be furnished a full and complete line of wall-paper samples free of charge. The samples can be shown by the agents, and all orders for paper will be filled by the St. Paul Company direct, the agent realizing a good commission on



A RECEPTION HALL TREATMENT, DESIGNED FOR A ST. PAUL RESIDENCE BY SAMUEL W. RICE & CO.

color effects and drapery, an ideal result is produced.

Messrs. Rice & Company make a specialty of designing and getting up ideal effects for house interiors—not only making a business of treating rooms complete, but taking the utmost care in treating even the smallest order given them. They make a business of sending their decorators to all points and of furnishing materials and making special furniture, window shades, draperies, etc. Their lines of paper hangings, carpets, oriental rugs and drapery material are unsurpassed and many patterns are of their own designing. Suggestions and designs will be sent free of charge to parties interested. Messrs. Rice & Company's rooms are at Nos. 234 56 St. Peter Street, opposite the Windsor Hotel.

Masters of Photography.

Messrs. Dickey & Schad, two St. Paul photographers whose studio is at No. 408 in the Washburn building, are responsible for some of the finest photographic work seen in this city. They make interior or exterior views, as may be desired. They make photographs at night, also,—by the improved method, and pay special at-

the business. No expense is involved. The agent makes his brokerage clear and is enabled to build up a good patronage at no outlay whatever, save the effort required to secure customers. The Western Wall-Paper Company is a responsible house and will transact all business promptly and honorably.

In the Boot and Shoe World.

The revival of business throughout the Northwest is very noticeable in the great demand that is being made on the boot and shoe factory of Messrs. Foot, Schulze & Company of St. Paul. As manufacturers, and jobbers of a general line of leather and rubber goods, they find the demand at this season of the year beyond all expectations, every department running full-handed in the attempt to fill the fast-coming orders. There is a very pronounced activity in one of the company's great specialties—leather and rubber goods for miners and lumbermen, this being the season when such goods are in greatest demand throughout the Northwest. They are able to fill all orders, however, and to fill them promptly and at the lowest quotations for merchandise of equal merit.

Speaking of Gold and Diamonds.

It was not so many years ago that the old house of Jaccard and Company, in St. Louis, ranked as the leading diamond house and the second richest jewelry firm in the United States. A visit to St. Louis that did not include Jaccard, was very incomplete. The house was noted the country over. No matter how badly men and women wanted either gems or jewelry, it was the custom, if within reaching distance, for them to wait until they could visit St. Louis and make their selections from the magnificent stock at Jaccards. The holiday season was prolific of this sort of patronage, the firm's reputation being a certain guaranty of honest dealing.

The old house is no more. There are younger branches of it, but the splendor of the old name grows dimmer and dimmer with each succeeding year. It is a memory of it that prompts these lines; and, strange to say, the memory was aroused by only a fleeting visit to a St. Paul house—the beautiful jewelry establishment of Mr. E. A. Brown at No. 110 East Sixth Street. That was the forerunner of other visits, but it was the first glimpse of the exquisite interior that produced the impression which is here termed a memory. Like a flash there came to the writer the thought that, here in St. Paul, was another Jaccard! The room itself—its splendid appointments and ornate furnishings—the wealth of wares displayed and the quiet elegance seen—all reminded one of the diamond Croesus in that city of the South.

Of all the jewelry houses in the Great Northwest, this St. Paul house ranks first in point of wealth and beauty. What Tiffany is to the East, this house is to the West. What Jaccard was, this St. Paul house has become—the center of attraction for all who seek style, worth and quality in precious wares. That Mr. Brown is an artist, is a fact easily discovered. The disposition of every article in sight attests it. There is no glare, no vulgar display, no tawdry splendor to catch the eyes of those unaccustomed to real elegance. It is reposeful beauty—the elegance of taste and culture.

The same impression of worth and genuineness clings to one when inspecting Mr. Brown's wares. The magnificent collection of loose and mounted diamonds bears the stamp of honesty on every gem. It is not a pawnbroker's stock—to gull the unskilled with stories of pretentious size, full of flaws, off colored, and dear at almost any price. O no! These are gems. They are resplendent with

"—purest rays serene."

Liquid light that flashes and scintillates from perfect stones only—stones selected by an expert judge and to meet the approval of a critical, exacting and appreciative clientele. It is a matter of current knowledge that well-to-do people come all the way from Wisconsin, Minnesota and Dakota points just to make selections of precious wares from this rich stock.

By the time this magazine reaches the hands of many of its readers, the holidays will have approached so closely as to command very serious consideration. The day is surely coming when

"Jewels rare and brooches fair.

And other things beyond compare."

will have to be inspected whether or no; and all because there is naught else in the wide world that is quite so appropriate for holiday gifts. These goods cannot always be found in small towns; so it happens that, at this season of the year, the would-be purchasers of precious stones, watches, jewelry and silverware hie themselves to the nearest large city where they can select their souvenirs from metropolitan stocks. They

do not always know what house to visit, it is true, and not infrequently do they fall into the hands of the Philistines. It is a matter of fact, however, that very many people in the Northwest know of Mr. Brown's strict business integrity and visit his house almost exclusively when searching for articles in his line. In the first place, Mr. Brown is every way responsible for all goods bought at his establishment. He is an old resident of St. Paul—an established man of business, and his means are ample. He owns his stock; nothing is sold on "commission." Neither does he deal in cheap, flashy "auction" goods. His stock is one of the best and largest in the country, has been selected with rare judgment and is sold at equitable prices.

It is useless to attempt a description of what one may see at this resort. A lady of most excellent taste declared that a brooch shown her—of pure gold, yellow as etruscan, fancifully designed and set with pearls and diamonds—was the most exquisite bit of jewelry she ever had seen; and the lady resides in Cincinnati and possesses great wealth. The cases are not filled with a jumble of jewelry,—ill-assorted and poorly selected,—but every article possesses individual-



INTERIOR VIEW OF E. A. BROWN'S JEWELRY STORE, ST. PAUL.

ity and seems to have been selected with individual care. There was a diamond ring, for instance,—one of many. The stone was not so large, but it was a perfect gem, worth every one of the several hundred dollars asked for it, and would positively enrich the possessor. It was mounted so skillfully and so beautifully that light, fire and brilliancy were reflected from every facet. It was a piece of art work—a living, glowing, sensitive picture in prismatic colors.

There appears to be no "old stock" in Mr. Brown's cases. The designs seen were new. There was a silver tea-set that caught one's eye like the central figure in a Raphael canvas. So many articles of this nature are overdone, you know. Not so with this production of the silversmith's art, however, for the elder Worth himself could not have taken from or added to one single feature. The design was comparatively plain, though rich and altogether unique. The luster was that of virgin silver incrustated, and in appearance the service bespoke solid, permanent worth. * * * These few lines might also be written of Mr. Brown's entire stock, for they only reflect the general character of the goods seen in his cases. It would be especially pleasing to add a word relative to the choice bric-a-brac

shown, and also of the many other articles of virtu that have been gathered from the four quarters of the earth; but it may be that the better way is to ask the readers of this magazine to come to St. Paul and see all these things for themselves.

Where Furs Come From.

At this season of the year the show windows of certain mercantile houses in St. Paul are always at their best. Especially is this true of the fur emporiums, such as Mr. Chas. A. Albrecht is proprietor of. His place of business at 384 Washburn Street contains so complete a stock of furs, and all manner of fur garments, as to constitute it one of the most attractive and favorite resorts in the city. There are fur capes ranging in prices from \$10 to hundreds of dollars; fur jackets from \$30 to things of beauty worth \$500; cloaks from \$5 to \$750 and \$75, and children's cloaks, etc., of all values and in all the fashionable designs.

Until recently Mr. Albrecht was connected with, and was manager of, the old fur house of Albrecht Bros. That firm was dissolved last spring, Mr. Albrecht establishing a house of his own at the locality named above. His long ex-

perience and practical knowledge are qualifications which the buying public understand and appreciate. Any kind of garments in his line will be made to order and satisfaction be guaranteed. Indeed, manufacturing to one's order, for either ladies or gentlemen, is a leading specialty. Every detail receives careful attention. In a word, whatever is desired, be it fur garments or fur muffs, boas, tippets, caps, gloves, etc., no mistake will be made in placing one's order with Chas. A. Albrecht.

A Grand Commercial Territory.

The jobbers of St. Paul and Minneapolis have every reason to be satisfied with their environments. They occupy the position that Eastern wholesalers held when the now populous Middle States were being developed; that is, their territory comprises new States in which rapid growth and increasing wealth are inevitable. There will be a vast expansion of business without the necessity of acquiring new territory. For years to come there will be an increase of population in this field greatly in excess of the natural increase, and this increase will multiply human needs, create new wealth, and help to fortify the young Northwest against other crises that now lie nestling in the lap of time. All this grand terri-

tory belongs naturally to the Twin Cities. Other markets covet it and will strive hard to secure its trade, but if every present effort be made by Minneapolis and St. Paul, there is little doubt that they will remain in control of the situation.

A Noted Upholstery Firm.

At No. 16 East Sixth Street, in the city of St. Paul, Minnesota, is a business house that cannot be too well known throughout the Northwest. The name of the firm is Schroeder & Dickinson, and the members thereof—L. W. Schroeder and E. F. Dickinson—are known not only as enterprising men, but as men possessing sterling character and most excellent business ability. The house was founded in March, 1892, at which time the upholstering business of Louis W. Schroeder and the renovating business of E. F. Dickinson were united under the present firm name.

As a rule, the general public is very poorly informed touching the details of any industry—however important the industry may be; yet those details never fail to interest anyone who will take pains to gather them. It is from this point of view that this article is written. A general upholstering business, such as Messrs. Schroeder & Dickinson conduct, possesses department features which are peculiarly interesting. Numerous homes in St. Paul and throughout the Northwest bear witness to the skill with which these gentlemen have designed and supplied new articles of furniture, or have made over old furniture into articles virtually as good as when they were first purchased. This is a chief specialty of the firm. One is not compelled to buy stock furniture; any person can call upon Messrs. Schroeder & Dickinson and secure designs that will be as individual as they are unique. There is a large assortment of upholstery to choose from—every variety of coverings for couches, easy chairs, divans, etc., including French silk, damasks, plushes, leather and furniture tapestries of all kinds. Anything wanted in the furniture line can be made from special designs, as was stated before. For instance, they will make a ladies' dress-box couch, of any shape or size and a perfect beauty, for \$15. It may also be told, right here, that the firm carries a full line of all smaller upholstery supplies, such as twines, cords, nails, tickings, etc.

The mattress department is Messrs. Schroeder & Dickinson's special pride, they having made a careful study of it for years. They make all kinds of hair, moss, fiber, cotton and cheaper grades of mattresses, both at wholesale and retail, their personal guarantee going with every mattress. It is a good house for hotel proprietors to patronize when such articles as mattresses are wanted, and such parties would do well to send for estimates before buying.

In the rear of the premises at No. 16 East Sixth Street is the firm's large and brand-new renovating establishment, a three-story brick build-

ing admirably adapted to the requirements of the business. It is equipped with electric power, electric light, steam heat, and all the most modern and approved appliances for renovating carpets, mattresses and feathers. Carpets are cleaned by the dusting, scouring or steaming process, as may be desired, and come forth from the ordeal as bright and cleanly as when new. It is a very important feature of Messrs. Schroeder & Dickinson's business, and enjoys an immense patronage. The house has, as a matter of fact, unsurpassed facilities for renovating feathers and mattresses, their plant being the best and most thoroughly equipped west of Chicago. The renovating department also includes cleaning, re-fitting, sewing and laying carpets. Scouring carpets is a specialty. The new factory gives them ample room and facilities for drying, and all work leaving it is sure to give perfect satisfaction.

The firm employs fourteen persons—every one being a skilled workman. Each person has his or her particular work to attend to. In fact, the business is a great public convenience, and it is because of this, no doubt, coupled with the firm's reputation as noted upholsterers, that the house has such a monopoly of the specialties herein mentioned.

Industrial Notes.

St. Paul jobbers in boots and shoes report great activity in all lines. There is an unusually strong demand for miners' and lumbermen's footwear.

It is the opinion of the Missoula (Mont.) *Missoulian* that Montana will ship 200,000 head of cattle to Eastern markets this year. This means about \$7,000,000 of additional wealth from the cattle industry alone. Montana is a great State in more than one respect.

Twin City jobbers of dry goods and notions have naught to complain of this season. Orders began early and the volume of business continues steady and strong. Merchants in the Northwest find these great markets ample for all their needs, and Eastern trips are few and far between. It seems to be the "Northwest for the Northwest."

The seed industry is assuming considerable prominence in Washington. Over 600 acres were in seeds this season near Waterville. Eastern houses are willing to contract for 1,000,000 bushels of pease alone, and tomatoes, onions, cabbage and nearly all small seeds, are already being cultivated under contract for large seed houses.

The United States handles about \$9,000,000 worth of the \$35,000,000 coffee product of Central America, and of that \$3,000,000 comes via San Francisco. Puget Sound, with its competing railway lines, could distribute coffee Eastward cheaper than it could be shipped through New York, and an offer has been made by a Tacoma bank to furnish the money for a trial cargo of 1,500 tons.

The Crane & Ordway Company of this city, whose buildings at St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth were illustrated in the October number of this magazine, reports a decided activity in nearly all the lines carried by it. The company manufactures iron pipe, brass goods, fittings, etc., for steam, gas, water and sanitary specialties, and keeps a mammoth stock and assortment of iron and wood pumps, windmills and well machinery and hose and packing. It is a thoroughly responsible concern, and its reputation extends over a wide territory. No mistake can be made in ordering from the Crane & Ordway Company. The business is one of the most extensive in the Northwest and the various lines represented have no superiors in the market.

HUNTING AND TRAPPING SECRETS.

BY W. J. BURNETT.

All through the Northwestern States, at this season of the year, the more or less mighty Nimrods of the country are preparing gun and trap for the winter campaign against all manner of fur-bearing animals. On the shores of a thousand lakes and along the banks that fringe a thousand winding rivers, creeks and inlets, will be scattered wily hunters in search of game by land and water and in forest and marsh. There will be professional hunters—to whom the wilds of nature and the habits of animals are as an open book, and there will also be verdant young sportsmen who, making their first assay in such crafts, will experience many a ridiculous blunder and suffer no little humiliation because of their downright ignorance concerning such things.

While it is hoped that the information contained herein may not be altogether an old story even to the sagest sportsmen, it is admitted freely that the greatest hope entertained is that the hints given may prove a help to the less skillful. It is not to tell one how to shoot game that these lines are written, but rather how to trap game and, finally, how to skin, stretch and cure the hides and furs of the animals caught. Of course, there are an infinite variety of pits, traps and dead-falls, and it is probable that every hunter and trapper has some distinct favorite method of his own for ensnaring game; so the writer mentions only a few of the most practical and easily constructed contrivances, leaving the reader perfectly free to adopt whatever devices he may see fit to employ.

A good all-round trap is illustrated below.



A GOOD TRAP.

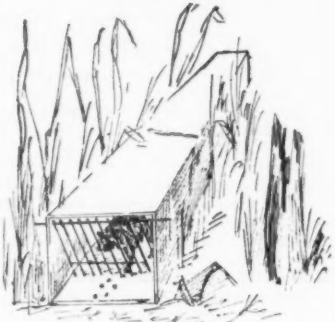
It is a log or rail pen, pinned or nailed together securely. It is twice as wide at the bottom as it is at the top, and the size of it will depend on the animal you intend to catch. As the sides are sloping he walks up readily and, smelling the appetizing bait that is placed in the center on the ground, jumps down in and is unable to jump out. If the ground is not frozen drive sticks on each side; if frozen, lay a log or timber at the bottom so that he cannot scratch out. Some animals would enter through a trap-door, like the one illustrated in the No. 2 pipe, or box-trap, better than at the top—those that are clumsy or poor on the jump, such as bear, badger and skunk.

One of the cheapest and best traps can be made from an old stovepipe pounded so that it is square, as you see in the illustration. Now make a wire door for each end and drive a hole to run the rod through. The bait is placed in the center, the animal pushes the door up and it falls down and he is a prisoner. Several may be caught in this at the same time, especially if two lengths are



MADE BY SCHROEDER & DICKINSON, ST. PAUL.

used. To catch the larger animals make a box four or six feet long, hoop it, wire it, or drive it full of nails—so the animal can not chew his way



PIPE OR BOX TRAP.

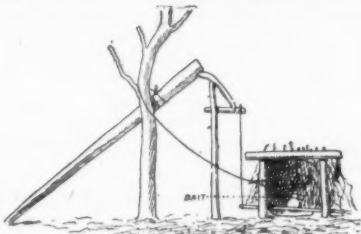
out. The doors should be quite slanting so that they will raise easily. They work better with a door at each end that at only one end, as the animal can see clear through and will not be frightened.

A simple and very effective trap, or dead-fall for bear, mountain lion, wolf, mink, coyote, etc., is shown below. Cut a log twenty feet long and ten inches in diameter at the large end and set in some good, conspicuous place, with the common figure 4 trigger. Drive two stakes three feet apart at the middle of the log, and leave the stakes three feet high. Then place across the



DEAD-FALL LOG TRAP.

top of the stakes a small pole five or six feet long, and lay on brush to form a covering over the bait or house, as shown in the cut. A string is used in place of a long trigger, which is tied to a stake driven into the ground near one of the large stakes, and over which is the pan or tread for the animal to step on, which throws the log (see cut). In the end of the tread is a sharp, small knife which cuts the cord when the animal treads on the pan. This releases the log, which falls and kills the animal. There is no other log-trap so sure as this one. Use any kind of bait to at-

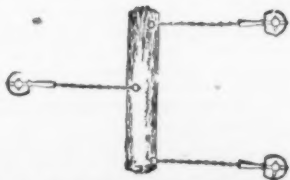


LOG SNAKE TRAP.

tract and place it under the house, so that the animal will have to pass under the log-trap and stop on the pan or tread.

A good way to catch foxes is illustrated as follows:

Take three No. 1 steel traps, fasten one trap at each end and one at the middle, by end of chains.



A GOOD WAY TO CATCH FOXES.

to a clog or stick of wood about three feet long and heavy enough so that it can be moved by one

trap-chain without its breaking. Place the two end traps one way from block and the center trap out the opposite way. Take a chunk of meat or skinned rats and place close to the center of block and freeze to the ground or fasten otherwise so that it cannot be carried off. Cover traps and chains with torn grass or dirt or snow, taking care that none gets under the pan of the trap. The fox generally knows the location of traps, but having to struggle for the bait, he will forget about it and swing around into the traps. Place the trap on a knoll or high ground. No. 1 traps are good for mink, musk-rats, marten, skunks, coons, etc. Use a No. 2 or No. 3 trap for badgers, lynx, wild cats and others.

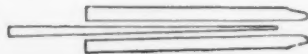
If the trapper wishes to expedite matters he will get some valuable pointers from the following, which is known as "The Hunters' Secret." It applies to all animals, but is best adapted to land animals—such as foxes, mink, sables, martens, wolves, bears, wild cats, etc. Here it is: Take one-half pound of strained honey, one-quarter drachm of musk, three drachms of oil of lavender and four pounds of tallow. Mix the whole thoroughly, make it into forty pills or balls, and put one of these pills under the pan of each trap when setting it. This preparation will attract all kinds of animals, and trappers and others who use it will be sure of success. Another prescription for foxes is to take oil of amber and beaver's oil, each equal parts, and rub them over the trap before setting it. Set it in the usual way. For mink take oil of amber and beaver's oil, and rub over the trap. Bait with fish or birds, by putting up a stick slanting, with bait stuck on top so that it is over the trap and high enough so the mink cannot quite reach it.



PROPER WAY TO SKIN.

Having told the amateur sportsman how to trap his game, it is now in order to tell him how to skin, stretch and cure the hides and furs after they have been secured. The general illustration here given shows the animal on its back, the dotted lines showing the course the knife should go, and the result.

The skins of fur animals, such as mink, marten, fisher, otter, skunk, musk-rat, fox and wolverine, should be cased. Raccoon, bear, beaver and badger should be open and in good shape, and all kinds must be scraped clean in order to command good prices. The shape of a badger or a bear should be about the same as a cowhide (see cut above). On the foreleg the knife should go to the armpit, then to the center instead of forward as in skinning beavers. And bear in mind that you should never salt furs, or deer or antelope skins. Mink, fox, marten, otter, etc., should be cased, and casing-boards for stretching such furs are shown in the following.

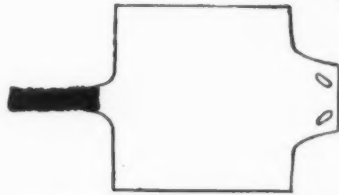


CASING BOARDS FOR STRETCHING FURS.



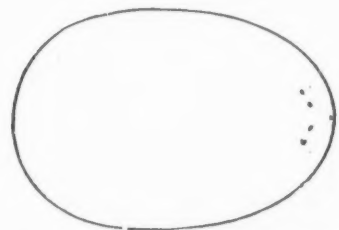
THE RESULT.

Without casing-boards the skin would be poorly stretched, its beauty damaged and its value impaired. Using casing-boards, the result would be as shown.



RACCOON SKIN PROPERLY TRIMMED AND STRETCHED.

The proper trappers' style of trimming and stretching a raccoon's skin is seen above.



THE CORRECT WAY TO STRETCH BEAVER SKINS.

The accompanying illustration shows a beaver skin stretched in proper shape.

In tacking or nailing up such furs as should be stretched open, commence at the head and nail alternately the right and left side, so as not to stretch one side more than the other. Do not stretch out the legs at all, but stretch out the flanks to conform to the shape above as near as you can. Always carefully remove the tail-bone from fur skins, otherwise they will spoil. Two sticks notched to fit the tail-bone is the proper thing to take out the bone. Peel the skin back from the butt an inch. Now loop a strong cord around the end, clamp your stick back of the cord, pull on the cord with one hand, the clamps in the other, and the tail will slip out so quick that it will astonish you. In the hole where the bone was, fill with salt or alum water. In stretching musk-rats it is best to use shingles or thin boards, tapering slightly, so that the skins can be removed without tearing. Always keep the fur inside on rats, mink, marten, fisher, etc. On foxes it is preferable to have the fur out and to leave the feet on.

BIG TREES IN AUSTRALIA.

The big trees of California are said to be surpassed in height by eucalyptus trees in Australia, which grow in the Victoria State Forest, on the slopes of the mountains dividing Gipps Land from the rest of the colony of Victoria, and also in the mountain ranges north of Cape Otway, says the *National Car and Locomotive Builder*. There are only four of the California trees known to be above 300 feet high, the tallest being 325 feet, and only about sixty have been measured that exceed 200 feet in height. But in the large tracts near the sources of the Watts River (a northern ranch of the Yarra-yarra, at the mouth of which Melbourne is built) all the trees average from 250 to 300 feet in height, mostly straight as an arrow and with very few branches. Many fallen trees measure 350 feet in length, and one huge specimen was discovered lately which was found, by actual measurement with a tape, to be 435 feet long from its roots to where the trunk had been broken off by the fall, and at that point it was three feet in diameter, so that the entire tree could not have been less than 500 feet in total height. It was eighteen feet in diameter at five feet from the ground.



The artesian well belonging to the farmers' starch factory at Anoka has struck a vein of clear, cold water which flows steadily at a strong pressure.

Glencoe will soon have an elegant Masonic temple.

Good pottery clay has been discovered at Heron Lake.

The Minnesota mines at Tower will soon have 1,300 men employed in getting out iron ore.

Worthington will have a \$4,000 creamery in operation this month—owned by farmers and business men.

The Minnesota Flax Company, employing about twenty-five hands, is now manufacturing flax fiber at Northfield.

T. J. Withrow of Washington County reports a yield of 1,400 bushels of oats from a 16-acre field, which is considered phenomenal.

Alden is improving rapidly. The new water-works and school-house are about completed and many fine brick residences are being built.

Leroy, almost destroyed by a cyclone a year ago, is today a larger and better town than ever. Building operations have been, and still are, brisk.

There are 340 colonies of bees in Randall, the surplus supply of honey being estimated at 10,700 pounds. The industry was started eight years ago and pays well.

The Wilmar creamery is called "The Irving Gold Mine." It is so successful. It receives about 8,000 pounds of milk daily and pays its patrons a good profit.

Two Owatonna men have invented and completed a horseless carriage. It will be run by a gasoline engine at a cost of two cents per hour, has the general appearance of a two-seated buggy and has a speed of from four to fifteen miles an hour.

The Home Lumber Company at Tower has contracted with parties for the building of a logging railroad into township 16-14 to connect with the Duluth & Iron Range road near Eagle Nest Lake. The same parties have contracted to cut and deliver at the mill in Tower 50,000,000 feet of pine within two years—about 15,000,000 feet to be cut this winter.

North Dakota.

Over 1,900 car-loads of cattle have been shipped from Dickinson this season—and there are more to follow.

The grand Forks *Platender* says there is enough fuel beneath the soil of North Dakota to furnish heat for the entire nation for years.

Bismarck business men are agitating the question of building a railroad for twenty miles north of that city to the coal fields. Experts estimate that a section of land containing the coal will produce 5,849,088 tons.

Reports of projected starch factories are frequent. A starch factory is in full operation at Hillsboro and another has begun operations at Hankinson. The last named expects to handle 1,000 bushels of potatoes per day.

The Grand Forks Woolen Mill Company has contracted to furnish 1,000 yards of cloth for State convicts. The capacity of this mill has been crowded continuously right along, and its success in all ways seems to be established beyond a doubt.

The *Sherbrooke Tribune* is authority for the statement that Hon. J. O. Smith "had 750 acres of flax on his Plainview farm in Newburgh township this year from which he gets over 12,000 bushels of flax. He has contracted with reliable parties to deliver it at \$1.02 per bushel. Outside of his flax crop Mr. Smith has enough wheat to more than pay his current expenses for the past year, hence he will make a clear profit of \$12,000 from his farm this season."

The creamery attachment of the State Agricultural College at Fargo is now completed and has been inspected and accepted by the college authorities. It is

the largest creamery in the State, having a capacity for handling 1,500 pounds of milk per hour. The plant was contributed to the college by Fargo business men, and will be under college management. It is one of the most perfectly-equipped creameries in the country and will doubtless do much toward raising the standard of butter and cheese throughout the Northwest.

South Dakota.

The Keystone reduction mill, burned recently, will be rebuilt at once on a larger scale than ever.

The DeSmet Creamery took all the premiums at the recent State Fair. Its butter grades high and is in good demand East.

An English syndicate that owns considerable land in Faulk County is going to send out a colony to settle on it. The colony is expected this month.

Aberdeen is becoming a big cattle-shipping point. The cattle business in that section is both popular and profitable, and many farmers and business men are preparing to go into it extensively. Aberdeen seems to be a go-ahead town—as witness the splendid success of its recent grain palace exposition.

A report from Mellette says that F. R. Ryerson, of Spencer, Iowa, has purchased W. W. Taylor's interest in the famous Hunter irrigation farm. Mr. Ryerson, it is said, represents an English syndicate which is anxious to invest money in Dakota property. Artesian wells are now talked of in many sections of the State and a very considerable number are flowing successfully and being put to practical use.

Montana.

Helena is to have a new national bank—capitalized at \$500,000.

T. L. Greenough, of Missoula, has been awarded the contract for the year's supply of ties for N. P. Railway. Over 500,000 ties are used yearly.

The Great Falls *Tribune* says that the Diamond R. Mining Company has sold its stock of silver, amounting to 170,000 ounces, for 66.95 cents. It was sold in New York.

Custer County wants a canning factory. The irrigated soil is fertile and finer tomatoes, cucumbers, melons, squashes and small fruits cannot be grown anywhere.

A rich strike of free gold ore is reported about five miles from Nelhart and near Belt Creek. The vein is three feet wide, in rotten quartz which is easily crushed, and runs \$100 to \$3,300 per ton.

Montana's State school of mines will soon be a fact. The deed for the site has been filed, and the last Legislature authorized the issuance of bonds for the erection and equipment of the necessary buildings.

The Katie mine, the \$100,000 concentrator of which was burned some time ago, has begun the construction of a new plant of much larger dimensions and greater cost. It will have new machinery of the latest designs.

The Columbia and Mollie Stark properties in Monitor Gulch, above Rimini, are showing free milling gold ore, carrying a little silver, beyond expectation. A fifteen-stamp mill will be erected the coming season.

W. A. Clark, of Butte, has bought the Argenta group of silver mines in Beaverhead County. These mines were owned by the Laughlin Brothers and were sold for \$20,000. Mr. Clark says he would not take \$100,000 for them.

Extensive and costly improvements have just been completed in the Diamond Hill mine. The mine consists of a hill—a recent survey of which justifies the estimate that it contains 4,000,000 tons of ore averaging \$4 to \$80 per ton.

The Daisy mine at Cooke City has been sold to A. P. Bliss of Saginaw, Mich., for \$33,000. Dr. Nicholas Lehnen, of St. Paul, an expert assayer, represented Mr. Bliss—who, in connection with other Eastern capitalists, is said to be negotiating for the purchase of other property in the New World District. A smelter is talked of for the Daisy property, and it is intimated that the B. & M. Railway is interested in the transactions named.

A correspondent of the *Helena Independent* says the Horr mines are turning out more coke than ever before. Sixty ovens are in constant operation and the company are now arranging to construct forty more ovens and will double their working force. With these and other resources which are adjacent, Horr is destined to become a town of considerable importance. Mining operations at Gardneir, Bear Gulch and

Crevasse are progressing favorably. The "upper country," as this region is generally called, has many natural resources and, in the near future, will be a great wealth producer.

The town of Belt has experienced a building boom since the resumption of work in the mines. It is also reported by the *Belt Valley Times*, that the Kennedy coal mine near Belt, now under lease, proves, under recent development work, to be first-class in all respects. The lessees are in 125 feet and have a seven-foot vein of fine coal.

J. L. DeHart, Northwestern live-stock agent for the Minnesota Railway Transfer Company, is authority for the statement that, up to the present time, there have been 8,000 car-loads of beef cattle, or about 184,000 head, shipped to the Chicago market this season from the various ranges throughout Montana. About 1,500 car-loads remain to be shipped, which will bring the total shipment this year up to 218,500 head, in round numbers.

The lessees of the Minah mine, about a mile and a half west of Wickes, Jefferson County, are constructing a 100-ton mill. It is said that the process will be unlike anything now used in this country. The plant will cost about \$75,000. Seventy-five men have been working upon it and it is now about ready for operation. The mine is one of a group of seven, is developed by about 8,000 feet of tunnels and numerous shafts, and has a vast body of ore in sight. It is expected to yield twenty-five ounces of silver and half an ounce of gold to the ton, and enough ore is in sight to keep the mill running twenty years.

Idaho.

The Hunter mine is employing about ninety-five men and the Bunker Hill nearly 400.

Rich placer diggings have been discovered on a bar of the Snake River eight miles above Lewiston.

The Black Hornet mine in Southern Idaho is employing thirty men and shipping two tons of ore daily.

The State has 717,339 sheep. These are assessed at \$1 per head, and their annual wool product is about five million pounds.

The new stamp mill of the Atlantic Gold mine, Elmore County, is nearing completion. It is on the Yuba River five miles below Atlanta. Mine and mill employ 125 men.

Reports from Harney say there is great excitement there over a rich discovery made in the Idol City mining district. In the Monarch mine three feet of ore is said to have been opened that runs \$500 per ton.

The Last Chance mine, near Wardner, which is regarded as a bonanza mine, is now finally released from the burden of litigation and has resumed work with eighty men and is producing fifty to sixty tons of ore daily.

The Standard mine, on Canyon Creek, in the Coeur d'Alenes, is a most wonderful property. It paid its owners, so it is said, \$70,000 in August and \$78,000 in September. This mine is owned by John A. Finch and others, and it is one of the most profitable in that section.

Oregon.

A colony of fifty people from Scotland will locate in Grand Ronde Valley.

Many tons of chittim-wood bark are shipped weekly from Halsey to San Francisco to be made into bitters.

Vale, the county-seat of Malheur County, is having quite a building boom. Among the new structures are two large fire-proof buildings and a hotel.

Oregon will produce 80,000 bales of hops this season. If the weather had been better, and prices had warranted it, the yield would have reached 110,000 bales.

The total amount of wool in the grease scoured by the Pendleton scouring mill this season was 2,171,504 pounds. The amount of clean wool from this was 506,252 pounds.

The secretary of the Oregon Board of Horticulture estimates that there are 565,000 acres of pit and core fruit in the State, and 1,500 acres of a berry variety. There are 35,000 acres set to prunes, the estimated yield being from 80,000 to 100,000 pounds dried, in one orchard of twenty-three acres.

The *Baker Democrat* says the grading for the new twenty-stamp quartz-mill to be erected at the Union-Companion mine at Cornucopia is completed and the lumber is being delivered at the rate of 5,000 feet a day. There will at present be twenty stamps in the mill, each weighing 1,000 pounds. The plant will be

operated by electricity, generated by water power. The site of the plant is on the flat between the Davis mill and the Union-Companion mine. This mill will be in operation this fall.

Washington.

Prosser has a sorghum mill in full blast and on a paying basis.

A new post-office has been opened at Roxwell, about seven miles beyond Hockinson.

The New Whatcom fair held last month had nearly 10,000 entries and was a great success.

The Vancouver Herald says the prune crop of Clarke County will bring \$100,000 into the county.

Ahtanum Valley, Yakima County, boasts of flat turnips from twelve to sixteen inches in diameter.

The Vancouver Register agitates the construction of a railway across the mountains to North Yakima.

A cannery and a distillery are among the probabilities of Vancouver, to utilize the surplus fruit crop.

A prune-drying establishment at Blake, near Olympia, turns out 2,500 pounds every twenty-four hours.

There are now said to be 125,000 bearing fruit trees in Hood River Valley, 90,000 of which are apple trees.

The National Packing Company will put up 10,000 cases of salmon at its new Port Angeles cannery the present season.

Among the State's most successful fairs was the one held in October at North Yakima. The exhibits were good and the attendance large.

Tacoma proposes to hold an Occidental and Oriental Exposition in that city in 1900. Government aid is to be asked and the exhibitions and surroundings are to be on a grand scale.

Edmonds can boast of having the only shingle-band manufacturing plant west of Pittsburg, Pa. The capacity of the plant, now in full operation, is 50,000 shingle bands per day.

A Seattle syndicate has shipped to the Everett smelter, from one of a group of mines owned by the syndicate, a car-load of ore which turned out a value

of \$70.96 per ton in gold, silver and lead. The vein was discovered early in August and has been traced on the surface for more than 1,400 feet. The mines are located eight miles from Skykomish Station on the Great Northern.

A flowing well of petroleum has been discovered in the Olympics. It is described as possessing the characteristic odor, lightness and quality of the oil seen in similar wells in the East.

There are thirty-nine shingle mills in Whatcom County. In eighteen of the plants \$111,000 is invested and the output for 1895, for the whole number of mills, is estimated at 537,200,000 shingles.

Yakima County has a good yield of broom-corn this year and it is stated that the crop will be quite profitable. Diversified farming of this character is practiced largely and has resulted well.

In the past six months five large steamships, carrying over 10,000,000 feet of lumber, besides a considerable quantity of miscellaneous freight, have sailed from Puget Sound for South Africa.

Tacoma's lumber shipments for September, by water, reached a total of 12,626,222 feet and were nearly double the August shipments and slightly in excess of July's shipments, which was a record breaker. It is probable that October will prove an equally good month.

Spokane is feeling the good effects of the revival of mining in the Trall Creek and other districts. During the past year over \$250,000 has been paid out in Spokane in dividends; one mine, the War Eagle, alone paying \$132,000. The Le Roi has paid \$25,000, the Slocan Star \$50,000 and the Cariboo claims large amounts.

It is stated that 12,000 deer-skins were received in a single consignment by a tanning concern in Seattle, not long ago. There were 115 bales of skins, a total of eighteen tons. The skins were bought from hunters in the mountains of British Columbia and on the many islands of the North Pacific Coast. They are to be used altogether in the manufacture of gloves.

Another infant industry for which the Lake Chelan Country is this year demonstrating its adaptability is the raising of sorghum and the manufacture of syrup, the Lake Chelan Herald says. Several experimental fields have been grown this year in the immediate vicinity of the lake, and with such marked success as to insure many and much more extensive fields another year.

The Maple Leaf Route.

The Chicago Great Western Railroad is largely a St. Paul institution and has strong claims to the patronage of the people of Minnesota. It affords an excellent short through line from the Twin Cities to Chicago and also to Des Moines, Leavenworth and Kansas City. It may be said to have its head in St. Paul, where its president and general manager have their offices, and to rest one foot on Chicago and the other on Kansas City. Its trains are handsome and thoroughly up to date in all matters of elegance and comfort, and its new compartment sleepers are the latest products of the Pullman shops and offer the seclusion and conveniences of a room in a first-class hotel. In Chicago the trains run into the new Grand Central stations and arrive in time for connections with all eastern and southern roads. While looking keenly after through business, President Stickney believes thoroughly that it is the duty of a railroad to accommodate and build up its local traffic and he is constantly working on many lines for the benefit of the towns, villages and farming country along his roads.

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An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 320 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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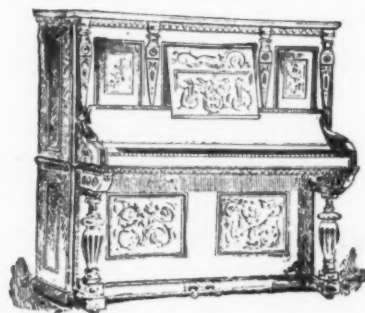


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How He Amended It.

At a public dinner given in a pretty little city in Washington, recently, a farmer, while relating something to the company about two Chinese women, said: "I declare they were the ugliest women I have seen anywhere."

There happening to be two maiden ladies present, of no remarkable beauty, the farmer, who was a little misty, began to think he had made a mess of it and that they would imagine he was alluding to them; so, to put matters straight, as he thought, he added: "The present company excepted."

Roars of laughter ensued, and in a few minutes both farmer and ladies had vanished.—*Tacoma Daily News.*

A RENCONTRE WITH SITTING BULL'S SON.

In looking over a North Dakota paper I note a photograph of Louis, the son of Sitting Bull. This brings to mind a little rencontre I had with Louis when I was a weather bureau observer at the Standing Rock Indian Agency at Fort Yates, sixty-five miles south of Bismarck, in the months of August and September, 1884.

My official duties were not very pressing, amounting in all, say to twenty minutes per day, leaving considerable time on my hands. All I had to do was to send the infrequent telegrams over the Government telegraph line running to Bismarck, and take one weather observation per day. My spare time I spent largely in Major McLaughlin's office, Sioux Agency, and in riding about the country on one of H. S. Parkins' ponies. Parkin, a well-known character, lived at the mouth of the Cannon Ball, and has since died.

While there, I became greatly interested in ethnological studies. I remember especially a very much love-lorn twain, a young Indian buck and maiden, who chose the center of the road in front of the office for their billing and cooing, both sitting down and drawing a white sheet over their heads, and obliging the many teams and horseback riders to drive around them as they drove along the dusty road. But this is not what I started to tell you about.

The soldiers at the post were obliged to make repairs on the telegraph lines whenever the cattle rubbed the poles down or the lightning broke the insulators and tore the wires off the poles. An accident of the latter class happened while I was there, and as I was just in receipt of orders to proceed to Northfield, Minnesota, and organize a State Weather Service for Minnesota, I thought I would try a little amateur work in line repairing myself, before I departed. So, borrowing a large, black, mettlesome horse from the Government stables and strapping climbing-

irons on my legs and a bale of wire, pliers and brackets on my back, I set forth. Several miles from the agency I detected the break in the line. The lightning had shattered several poles, causing the wire to sag to the ground. Tying my horse to one of the wires, I went to the pole next to it in order to climb it and make necessary repairs. My horse did not like this proceeding at all and commenced to back; the horn of the large cowboy saddle caught the wire, and the result was that the horse stripped the wire off from several more poles.

However, I hobbled the horse and proceeded to work, but with considerably diminished ardor; for I found, when I started to climb the pole, that the climbers had a very disagreeable habit of slipping out of the wood, letting me down to the ground with more suddenness than grace. However, I managed to make the needed repairs in a manner, except three or four of the last poles. In the meantime, a lone Indian had seen me in the midst of my difficulties and came up at a gallop, his quirt flying in the air, his slender body swaying with the easy grace that only a young Indian can show. I soon saw it was a young buck—and a very well-favored young fellow he was—about seventeen or eighteen years old, dressed in the highest style of Indian finery; breech-clout, leggins, and a gay head-dress of feathers and fur. Drawing his pony up so suddenly that he fell back upon his haunches, the young fellow dismounted and, coming up to me, myself being all the while precariously endeavoring to hold on to the lightning-splintered telegraph pole, said, "Me Sitting Bull sonny; me help you." And, indeed, he proved good assistance, for with his help in handing me the wire, which I attached to the insulators, the job was soon finished and I slid to the ground. Then the young buck said to me again: "Me Sitting Bull sonny; Sitting Bull big man, much big man. Sitting Bull kill white man, long time off; Sitting Bull all right now—good Indian. Me

good, too; me want be like white man. Give tabac."

As I did not use tobacco I was compelled to say no to his request, whereat a shade of disappointment came over his face. Quickly recovering himself, he said: "Me Sitting Bull sonny; you no got tabac, me no want tabac. Me glad help you; me do same as white man." And, jumping on his pony, in a very few minutes only the waving fringe on his head-dress was in sight, soon to disappear entirely.

My observation of the Indians, particularly of the Sioux, is that although they are savages, nevertheless the white man can learn a good deal even from poor, benighted Lo. Apparently, at least, Indians love their children better than white people do; no one ever saw an Indian buck or squaw chastise a child. They only receive kind words from their parents. The ties of relationship are far more binding with the Indian than with the Caucasian; and, whatever one Indian has, he is always ready to divide with a relation, and they trace it back to the forty-seventh cousin, too.

D. R. MCG.

How to Make Money.

Mr. Editor:—I read how Mr. Walton made \$47 a month. I am only seventeen, but can beat that. I received a fine outfit from Gray & Co., Columbus, O., for plating gold, silver, nickel and white metal. It was complete, all materials, formulas, trade secrets and instructions, they teach their agents. I silver plated a brass ring in five minutes to test it. Made \$39 first week plating tableware and jewelry, \$65 second, \$243 first month. Brother makes \$10 a day selling outfits; get all I can do. Anyone can do as well by having good outfit. Hard times can't starve me. WM. WETMORE.

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Mrs. James Taylor, who resides at No. 82 Bailey Avenue, Kingsbridge, New York, on the 14th of December, 1894, said: "My age is 65 years. For the past two years I have had liver trouble and indigestion. I always employ a physician, which I did in this case, but obtained no beneficial results. I never had any faith in patent medicines, but having seen Ripans Tabules recommended very highly in the New York Herald, I concluded to give them a trial. After using them for a short time, I found they were just what my case demanded. I have never employed a physician since, which means \$2 a call and \$1 for medicine. One dollar's worth of Ripans Tabules lasts me a month, and I would not be without them if it were my last dollar. They are the only thing that ever gave me any permanent relief. I take great pleasure in recommending them to any one similarly affected. (Signed) MRS. J. TAYLOR."

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A good standard 75c quality. For November.....49c.

Black Brocaded Taffetas and

Gros grains in new, dainty, neat brocaded figured designs—one of this season's most fashionable silks, worth \$1.50. November price.....90c.

 The prices on these goods will be good during November. In ordering, kindly mention THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE. It will do us both good. Our new Fall Catalogue will be sent free on application.

Ladies' Double-Cloth Beaver Capes.

Upper cape and collar trimmed with Marten fur, and three rows of braid, above. Worth \$15. As a special bargain, we offer this garment at.....\$10.

Ladies' Beaver Jacket.

Half silk-lined, inlaid pearl buttons, ripple back, storm collar, large melon sleeves—a warm, stylish coat—worth \$10. We will save you \$2 50
Price.....\$7 50

Ladies' Coney Fur Capes.

Twenty-four inches long, lined throughout with satin; large collar—a good, warm cape—well worth \$10. For November, we will make the price....\$5

Real Astrachan Jackets.

All full-skins. Coat 32 inches long, made with extra-full sleeves; lined with very best satin, and extra interlining; large storm collar. We guarantee the wear of any of our fur garments. This one is equal to any \$45 coat made. Our price.....\$30

MAKERS OF FURS,
and of Furs Only.

That's Our Business and has been for 40 Years.

Forty years of successful merchandising should be a sufficient guarantee of quality and price.

STYLE, QUALITY, LOW PRICE,
is the strong combination that marks these Furs.

We quote the following for November on E. ALBRECHT & SON'S make.
(You know what that means).

CAVES.

SEAL.....	\$150 to \$225
BLACK MARTEN.....	75 " 150
MINK.....	100 " 150
OTTER (Hudson Bay)...	100 " 125
BEAVER " " ...	75 " 100

SACQUES.

SEAL.....	\$150 to \$250
MINK.....	100 " 175
OTTER.....	100 " 150
BEAVER.....	100 " 125
ASTRACHAN.....	30 " 60
NUTRIA.....	50 " 65
ELECTRIC SEAL.....	65

CAVES.

ELECTRIC SEAL, plain.....	\$25 to \$50
“ “ Marten trimmed..	35 “ 60
“ “ Bear “ ..	65 “ 100
WOOL SEAL, Marten trimmed.....	25 “ 60
ASTRACHAN.....	25 “ 50



Send for Catalogue.

Mail orders promptly filled.

Goods sent on approval.

E. ALBRECHT & SON, The Furriers of St. Paul.

20 EAST SEVENTH ST. Established 1855.

MISCELLANEOUS.

North Dakota Lignite Coal.

J. F. Brodie, an experienced Pennsylvania miner has recently opened a coal mine on the thickest vein ever discovered in North Dakota. The mine is called the East Lehigh and is located at Lehigh station, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, four miles east of the town of Dickinson. The vein is twenty-six feet thick and is entered on a level from the side of a hill a few hundred feet from the railroad track. Mr. Brodie owns 240 acres of ground under which this enormous vein is known to extend without a fault. For quality the coal is unsurpassed by any North Dakota lignite. It comes out in clean, large chunks, free from clay and analysis shows that its value for fuel is about eighty per cent of that of Ohio bituminous coal. Mr. Brodie puts this coal on the cars for shipment at the mouth of the mine at a cost to the purchaser of one dollar per ton. The coal deposit is so large and is so easily and cheaply worked that operations at the mine can be extended to keep pace with the demand for the coal, and orders can be filled as fast as received. North Dakota lignite is growing in favor all over the State as an economical home and manufacturing fuel. It is fast supplanting Eastern coals. There are also deposits of brick and pottery clay, fine building stone, and a good quality of glass sand. Address orders to J. F. Brodie, Lehigh, North Dakota.

Whether or No.

The following placard was recently found on a church door in a Montana mining town: "Notice—There will be preaching in this house, Providence permitting, Sunday; and there will be preaching here, whether or no, on the Monday following upon the subject: 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned at precisely half-past three in the afternoon.'"

Money to Burn.

Whenever a man has considerable money, so much that he has no immediate use for it, it is proper to say that he has "money to burn," which is an expressive phrase. Not many men have had money to burn during the past few years, but during all the dull times the Saint Paul & Duluth Railroad has always been the favorite route for the tourist and the business man

between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, West Superior, Stillwater, Taylor's Falls and other points. The truth of the matter is, that the Duluth Short Line, as this route is generally known, has always held and attracted patrons because of the excellence of its service and its attention to the comfort of tourists. The equipment is always of the best and latest pattern; the trains are rapid, smooth running and convenient; the territory is picturesque, and at handsome terminals close connections are made with trains running in all directions. Hence, always take the Duluth Short Line. For maps, folders, etc., apply to ticket agents generally, or write direct to W. A. Russell, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

Only a Custom.

Sir John Macdonald was at a reception in the West and a bishop from Belgium was present. As the party was being escorted by a body of men in Highland costume, the foreign bishop, seeing the bare legs and kilts, asked why these men were without trousers. "It's just a local custom," gravely said Sir John. "In some places people take off their hats as a mark of respect to distinguished guests; here they take off their trousers."—*Canadian Gazette.*

The Best of Toilet Powders.

In spite of all that moralists can say, or have said, from the beginning of time until now, lovely woman will always strive by every device in her power to increase her beauty; and why should she not, when such safe and reliable means as Mennen's Toilet Powder is within her reach? A beautiful complexion is of all beauties the most desirable and the most difficult to obtain and retain. No doubt attention to general health is the best complexion powder, but it will not prevent tan, sunburn, prickly heat, and chafed skin, nor always blotches and pimples. For the removal of these Mennen's toilet powder is unsurpassed, and has received the approval of the highest medical authorities. For infants it is quite as desirable as for the grown-ups. A fine sample can be obtained by addressing the Gerhard Mennen Company, Newark, N. J.

The Youghiogheny & Lehigh Coal Co.

One of the youngest coal companies at the head of the lakes has erected extensive docks at West Superior, where they handle their own production of genuine

Youghiogheny coal with the best grades of Hocking and anthracite, specially prepared for this market. Large consumers and dealers are invited to correspond with them when in the market to buy. Address them at their main office at West Superior, Wis.

Worse than Hades.

The following is a story of an incident that actually took place at the marine barracks at the Charlestown navy yard, and is taken from the *Boston Globe*: A soldier was one morning brought before the commanding officer, charged with the offense of telling a lie to one of the other officers. After the major had heard the evidence he said to the culprit: "Do you know what will become of you if you tell lies to your officers?" The soldier quickly replied: "Yes, sir; I shall go to hell."

"Worse than that, sir; worse than that," said the commanding officer. "You will be tried by a naval court-martial."

One Honest Man.

MR. EDITOR: Please inform your readers that if written to confidentially, I will mail in a sealed letter, the plan pursued by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering from nervous weakness, loss of vitality, lack of confidence, etc.

I have no scheme to extort money from anyone whomsoever. I was robbed and swindled by quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but, thank heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong, and anxious to make this certain means of cure known to all.

Having nothing to sell or send C. O. D., I want no money. Address, JAS. A. HARRIS, Box 313, Delray, Mich.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Mrs Winslow's soothing syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The quality of our wines and liquors make the prices reasonable. All are genuine, that's a certainty. Geo Benz & Sons, 181 E. 4th St., St. Paul, Minn.

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Practical
Furrier,
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Ladies' and Gents' Fine Fur Garments.
Re-Dyeing, Fitting and Repairing All Kinds of Furs
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N. B.—Please mention Northwest Magazine.

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Suits to Order, \$18 and up.
Overcoats to Order, \$18 and up.
Pants to Order, \$4 and up.
BEST WORK. PERFECT FIT ALWAYS GUARANTEED.

A Pure, Palatable Old Whiskey for Your Home.
Uncle Sam's
Monogram
Whiskey
 Send \$1.25 for a sample quart, to
 GEO. BENZ & SONS,
 181 E. 4th St., ST. PAUL, MINN.

Rejected Suitor—"If you are ever in trouble send for me; I will ever befriend you."
 Flirtina—"I—I am in trouble now."
 "Ah! and I am here already."
 "Yes, that's the trouble."—*Boston Courier.*

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'AS ITERS SEE US.'

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is as pretty as a maiden at sixteen and replete with good things—*Marysville (Mont.) Messenger.*

"In addition to its special features THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE commands interest as a foremost literary medium for the Northwest."—*W. B. Moer.*

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is emphatically a paper of the Northwest, as its name indicates. It deserves liberal patronage.—*Ellensburg (Wash.) Localizer.*

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE for September has many fine illustrations and well sustains the reputation of being, as its name signifies, the magazine of the Northwest.—*Great Falls (Mont.) Leader.*

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, published at St. Paul and devoted to the interests of the Northwest in general, issued a very choice number for September. It gives its full ratio of reading matter, beautifully illustrated, and, if possible, we like it better.—*Coulee City (Wash.) News.*

The September number of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE has reached this office and is a very handsome publication. It is adorned with a new cover, which shows a fine piece of work of the engraver's art. The illustrations are numerous and handsome.—*Vancouver (Wash.) Register.*

"We have to thank you for the insertion in your valuable magazine of the article about Prosser. We have received a number of in-



WHOLESALE DRY GOODS HOUSE OF WYMAN, PARTRIDGE & CO., MINNEAPOLIS.

quiries and are led to believe that if the work THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is doing is as prolific of results with respect to other sections as to ours, that you are entitled to the thanks of the Great Northwest.—*Prosser Falls Irrigation Company, G. J. Hesselmann, Treasurer.*

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE for October comes to hand on time, and, as usual, is full of good reading, artistic illustrations, news from all over the Northwest, and, last but not least, a good line of advertising. Bro. Smalley is founding a magazine which is good property now, and ought to become to his section what the *Atlantic* is to New England, *Harper's* to the Middle States, and the *Argonaut* to California.—*St. Paul Trade Journal.*

Editor E. V. Smalley deserves to be congratulated on the new and very handsome illustrated heading for the front cover of his most excellent journal, THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE. This splendid publication is doing noble work towards bringing the resources of the Northwest into notice, and every citizen of this vast empire will be proud to see the recent improvement. Long may it shine.—*Rocky Mountain Husbandman, Montana.*

That the literary and industrial Northwest owe much to THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is a fact universally admitted. No other publication has extended equal encouragement to toilers in the domain of literature, or fostered and advocated more consistently or vigorously general Northwestern interests.

Northern Hydraulic-Press Brick Co.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

**Hydraulic-Press Brick,
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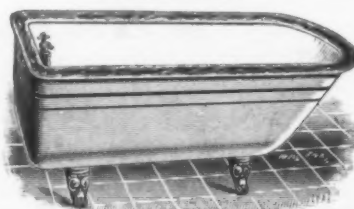
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Fair selection; immediate returns.

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Ship Furs by EXPRESS, other goods by FREIGHT.

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Pails,
Wash Basins,
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and in fact almost every like vessel used in house-keeping, that don't slip from your fingers and break, that don't rust, leak, soak, taste or taint; that are light, strong, cleanly, serviceable; in plain ebony, or with hand-painted decorations, on ebony green, or red, and very pretty; yet, with all these special merits, costing little more than scores of articles with none of them; are manufactured only by the above company, at Elm and Maple Sts., but are sold by merchants everywhere.

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CELEBRATED CHICAGO BEER,**

In Kegs and Bottles,

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Also manufacturers and dealers in all kinds of Soda Water, Pop, Ginger Ale, Champagne Cider, Weiss Beer, Apple Cider, Waukesha Mineral Water and other delicious beverages.

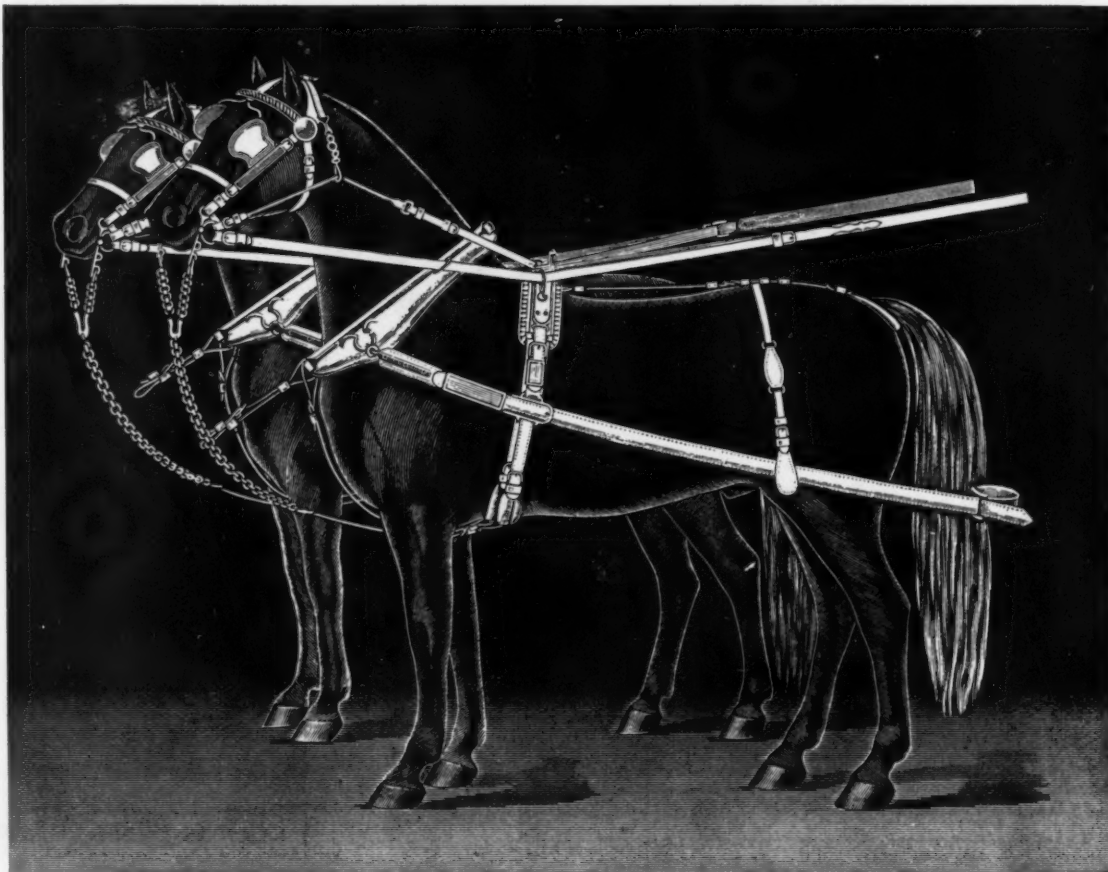
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Send us a description of the rooms you have to paper—their heights, what they are used for and the color effect desired, and we will send you samples of the newest papers, with border and ceiling to match, all free of cost to you.

We sell more paper direct to consumers than any five houses west of Chicago, and it is new styles and low prices that does it.

*Good Papers for 3c per Roll and up.**Gold Papers for 5c per Roll and up.**Beautiful embossed effects, 10c per Roll and up.*

We want some one in each town, of taste and ability (paper hanger preferred), to solicit orders for our wall papers on good commission. Full set of large sample books. Good references required.

Western Wall Paper Co.,**468 Jackson St., ST. PAUL.**

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**is now ready
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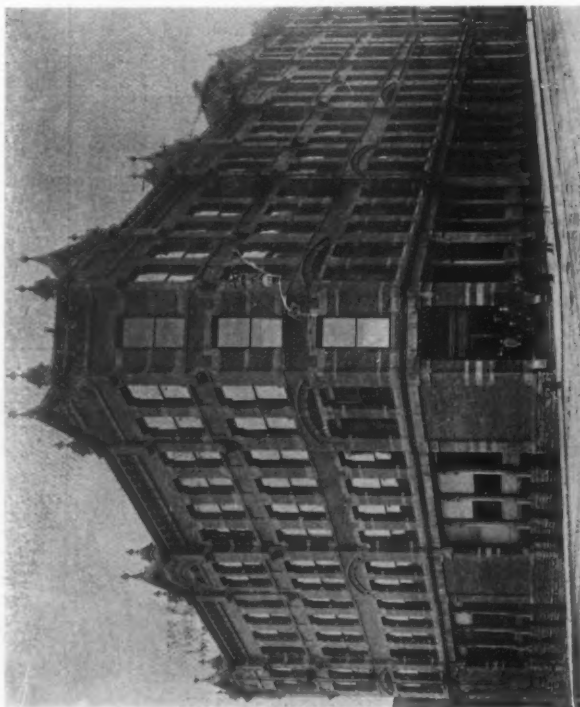
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They are made to fit all kinds of shelving, and are shipped ready to hang on track.

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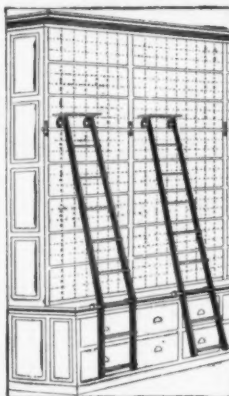
Besides Ladders that hang on track fastened to shelving, we also make THE BEST AND BY FAR THE CHEAPEST TROLLEY LADDER IN THE WORLD.

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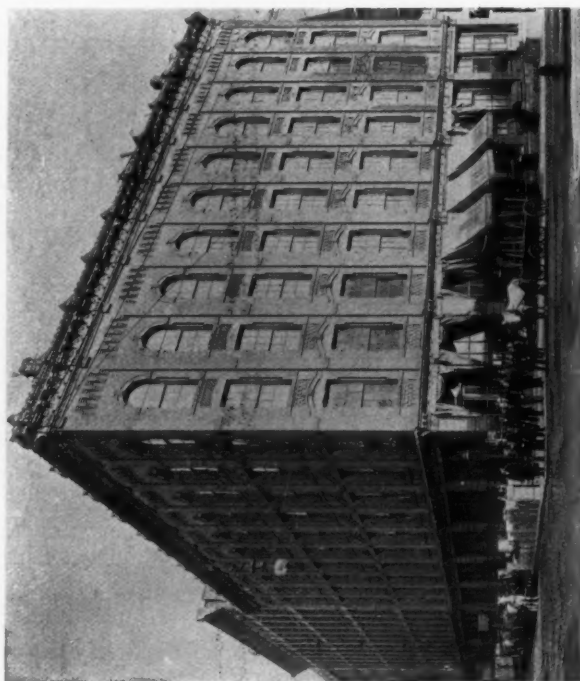
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SUITS " " 20.00
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Samples and instructions for self-measurement sent FREE on application.

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**HIDES,
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D. BERGMAN,

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Write for circular.

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 Guns, Bicycles AND
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COLT'S NEW NAVY,
38 & 41 CALIBRES.

By sending for our complete CATALOGUE and Buyers' Guide. Tells about many new things.
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Largest Sporting Goods House in the Northwest.
 Established 1855.

SUBURBAN PORTLAND.

The English-speaking Race was Nourished
in the British Isles,

Under a climate which has no duplicate on earth, save within 100 miles
of Portland, Oregon, and on a soil of barren sterility, in comparison
with the soils of Suburban Portland.

It is a fact of facts, beyond dispute, that in the territory suburban to Portland, Or.,
men are making incomes, from their own labor on ten acres of ground, exceeding

\$3,000 A YEAR.

Do you want some of it? If so, it is easy of attainment.



SUBURBAN PORTLAND, OREGON.—SECTION OF AN ORCHARD FENCE—BLACKBERRY BUSHES IN BLOOM.

The above section of an orchard fence, entirely overgrown with wild blackberries, is an illustration of the wonderful way nature displays her power of growth in the beautiful valley between the Cascade Mountains and the Pacific Coast Range. The annual crop from such a fence around a ten-acre orchard, exceeds in value the crop of a hundred acres in corn or wheat.

We will open for sale September 1st, 1895,
1,000 ACRES OF GARDEN FRUIT LAND,

Just twelve miles from the heart of the city of Portland (good, level road all the way); all cleared and
ready to plant in fruit trees, for the price of

\$60 PER ACRE.

Terms: Ten per cent cash, and \$1 per acre per month, with six per cent interest on deferred payments.
We guarantee to plant the same in fruit trees, in first-class manner, at \$20 or less per acre, and cultivate
the same for \$6 per acre per annum till the trees come in bearing.

The total cost of ten acres of bearing fruit trees cannot exceed \$1,500 under this plan.

Special terms to the organizer of a colony of five or more families.

If you see this write to us right away, before showing it to your neighbors, and learn what we will do for you.

STEARNS FRUIT LAND CO.,

275 Stark Street,

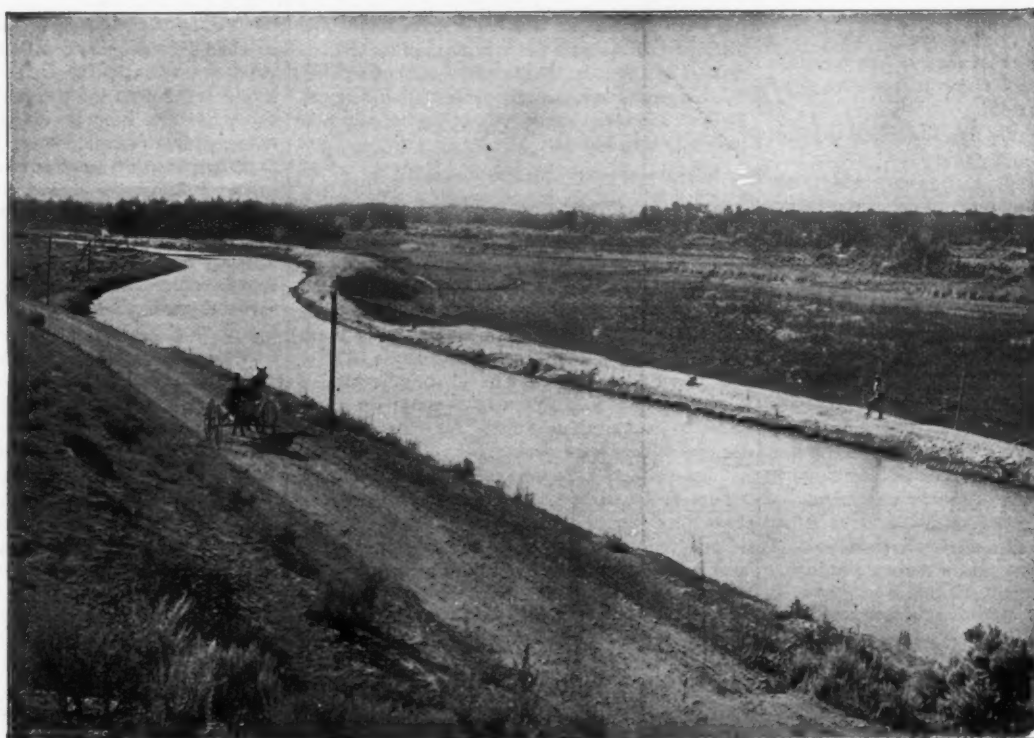
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IRRIGATED LANDS

For Fruit Growing, Hop Raising and General Farming in the
"Sunnyside Country" of the

FERTILE AND BEAUTIFUL YAKIMA VALLEY

In the New State of Washington.



VIEW ON SUNNYSIDE CANAL, YAKIMA COUNTY, WASHINGTON.

The Yakima Investment Co. has constructed a canal 60 miles long, with a depth of 8 feet, a width at the bottom of 30 feet and a width at the top of the banks of 62½ feet. It covers 80,000 acres of valley land nowhere surpassed for fertility on the globe. The water is taken from the Yakima River and the supply is abundant for all possible demands. The solidity of construction in the dam, headgates and canal insures a regular and permanent supply of water and is a safeguard against breaks and other accidents.

Climate.—The summer climate of the Yakima Valley resembles that of the California valleys, in the length of the growing season, the number of sunny days, the absence of late spring frosts and early fall frosts and the immunity from destructive storms. The winters are short and not at all severe.

Soil.—The soil of the valley is a rich brown loam and is of phenomenal depth. In places where a vertical surface has been exposed along the brink of the second bench, the depth is over eighty feet, and the soil at the bottom is just as rich as that near the top.

Productions.—This is beyond question the best fruit country in the United States for the raising of apples, grapes, pears, peaches, apricots, plums, prunes, berries and melons. It is also a better hop country than the famous hop valleys on Puget Sound, for the reason that the hop louse cannot endure the summer heats and dies before doing any damage to the vines. Old hop yards in the neighborhood of the town of North Yakima have given large and almost uniform yields for ten years. Alfalfa is the forage crop and yields five or six crops a year. Garden vegetables give enormous returns and are profitably grown for the markets of Tacoma and Seattle.

Special Advantages for Fruit Culture.—All the lands under the Sunnyside Canal lie within a few miles of stations on the main line of the Northern Pacific Railroad; refrigerator cars are furnished and fresh fruit can be put in good condition into the Sound cities on the west, and Spokane on the east, and can be sold in competition with California fruit in all the mining towns and camps of Montana and Idaho, in the towns of North Dakota, South Dakota and Manitoba and in the cities of St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Superior and Chicago. The Washington growers will monopolize these markets as soon as they can supply them, for the reason that Washington fruit is much better flavored than that of California.

Ten Acres Enough.—A settler who cultivates well, in fruit, vegetables and alfalfa, ten acres of this wonderfully productive Yakima Valley soil, will have all the land he can attend to and will make a good support for a family. With twenty acres he can make a net income of from two to three thousand dollars a year.

Farming by Irrigation.—Irrigation makes the farmer independent of the weather. He applies just the right amount of moisture to his land to secure the largest possible crop returns. No failure of crop is possible. The process is not laborious or expensive. The water is turned on the land two or three times during the growing season.

TERMS OF SALE:

The lands of The Yakima Investment Company are sold with a perpetual water right guaranteeing an ample supply of water for all crops. Prices range from \$45 to \$65 an acre. One-fifth of the purchase price is payable in cash on the signing of the contract. The second payment is not due for two years. Thus the settler has time to make his improvements and realize on his first crop before being called on for the next installment on his land. The remaining payments run through four years. One good crop will pay for the land. The company prefers to sell to actual settlers only in order that the country may be densely settled and brought under a high state of cultivation as rapidly as possible.

For maps, pamphlets and further particulars, address

WALTER N. GRANGER,

General Manager,

Zillah, Wash.

MINNESOTA LANDSCAPES.

Increased Land Values.

A great many people have been in this part of the country for the past few weeks looking for lands, and some have been sold, but not so much as some may suppose. People who own land are inclined to hang on to it. Land that could have been bought last year for \$15 is now held at from \$20 to \$25 per acre.—*Murray County Republican.*

Gov. Pillsbury on Otter Tail Crops.

The Fergus Falls *Journal* says that ex-Gov. John S. Pillsbury, of Minneapolis, spent a couple of days recently in driving around Otter Tail to see some of the truly great crops of the year. On returning to Minneapolis he was interviewed by the *Penny Press* and said:

"I never saw anything like the cereal product of that wonderful country this year. Otter Tail County never made such a showing since its advent into the State's history. I declare it seems as though the earth in that section has all the burden it can bear in the shape of grain stacks."

Buying Minnesota Lands.

Speaking of the effect of good crops and conditions on land purchases, the Northern Pacific land department says:

"It is phenomenal. Land purchasing is abnormal in Minnesota and the Dakotas, and land sales which are made to actual settlers are better than they have been for five or six years. One pleasing feature of the land business is that we sell principally in small tracts for diversified farming." Immigration to Northern Minnesota continues without a recess. Farmers and laborers and their families have this season swelled

to greater size than ever before the tide of settlement in this direction, and this fall will witness the largest outpouring from congested cities and disappointing farming sections on the fair fields of Minnesota known for many years. As an illustration of the popular tendency, one of the railway companies now has twenty-three families from Nebraska and many other families from other States headed for Beroun, where a large colony of Germans and Bohemians is being established. These people have all bought land and are good diversified farmers.

Prosperous Immigrants.

Dr. Lewakowski, a prominent member of the Austrian parliament, who came to the Red River Valley to investigate the condition of the Polish settlers and to look into future settlement possibilities, was here recently. He visited Argyle, Hallock and other places where his countrymen have taken up homes.

Said he: "I must admit that I was surprised at the condition of my countrymen in the Red River Valley. Why, they are wealthy. They own their farms; they have good homes, and there is a wholesome air of independence and liberty about them, which their brothers at home have never tasted. I found them perfectly contented, and I doubt if a single one of them could be induced to return to Austria to live. The farmers make money here; they have bank accounts, and soon lay aside enough to allow them to rest in their old age, far different from their condition in Austria.

"Brazil is at this time offering great inducements for colonists, and many of my countrymen have gone there. The climate is altogether different from what they are accustomed to, and the result is they are taken out there by immigration agents of the Brazilian government, bound out to

coffee planters, who make slaves of them, and they die off in three or four years. Minnesota more nearly approaches the climatic conditions which prevail in Galicia than any point in the United States which I have visited. My trip will result in a large immigration of substantial farmers, who will probably settle in colonies until they learn the language and customs of the country, after which they will make good, honest American citizens, with ever a warm spot in their hearts for their native land."

Coming to Minnesota and the Northwest.

The Northwest is the center of an immigration movement that is growing so steadily and has reached such proportions that it is forcing itself upon the attention of those who are comparatively indifferent on the subject. "It is not of the mad-rush kind or craze, which is always followed by a reaction," says the Jamestown (N. D.) *Alert*, "but it is a steady inflow of permanent settlers. It is now conspicuous in Central Minnesota, and is gradually spreading Northward and Westward. Farmers in the overcrowded East are selling their high-priced land and coming to Minnesota, where they can purchase better land with good improvements for one-third the price of Eastern farm lands.

"The Minnesota farmers who have grown up with the country naturally feel the restraint of being hemmed in on all sides by cultivated farms and gladly avail themselves of the opportunity to sell out and push on into newer and sparsely-settled country, and thus both can more than double their possessions and both be better suited in the surroundings. This is the permanent stage of settlement, such as Iowa and Kansas had after recovering from the collapse of the first or boom stage of settlement."

NORTHERN MINNESOTA FARM LANDS.

The attention of home-seekers is called to the excellent agricultural lands in Northern Minnesota offered at low prices to settlers. These lands are near towns and railroads. Some of these lands are lightly timbered with hardwood; others are open prairie; others are part prairie and part timbered. Soil and climate are well adapted for general farming, stock-raising and dairying. The country is well-watered and attractive and a peculiar feature is the large number of small lakes abounding in fish.

Corn, Pork, Cattle, Poultry, Potatoes.
Improved Farms and Wild Lands
in Pope County, Central Minnesota;
REASONABLE PRICES.
Improved farms at \$8 to \$15 per acre, on long time.
Write for list.
W. J. CARSON, GLENWOOD, MINN.

250,000 ACRES WILD LANDS
at \$5 to \$12 per acre. Improved Farms.
Lands very rich and convenient to railroad in
Western Morrison County.
Agent for St. Paul & Northern Pacific Ry. Lands.
Local Ag't for N. P. R. R. Co. Write for information.
W. J. SULLIVAN,
SWANVILLE, MORRISON CO., MINN.

J. M. ELDER, Brainerd, Minn.,
Sells
N. P. R. R. Lands and St. Paul & Duluth R. R.
Lands at \$2.50 to \$5 per acre.
HAS 20,000 ACRES OF IMPROVED FARMS
from \$3 to \$5 per acre.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Co.
Offers for sale a large amount of good land in
Northern Minnesota adapted for general farming.
Some of it is prairie, some is part prairie and part
hardwood land, and some is timbered with pine
and hardwood. Low prices and easy terms of pay-
ment. For maps and information address
W. H. PHIPPS, Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

FOR SALE, 300,000 ACRES
CHOICE NORTHERN PACIFIC LANDS
IN AITKIN AND CROW WING COUNTIES.
Also 250,000 acres of other lands at from \$2 to \$5 per
acre. If you want a farm, improved or unimproved,
write me.
F. P. MCQUILLIN, AITKIN, MINN.

ST. PAUL & NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.
CENTRAL MINNESOTA LANDS
IN MORRISON AND CROW WING COUNTIES.
\$2.50 to \$6 per acre; 15 per cent down, balance in
seven annual installments with interest at
7 per cent per annum.
A. G. POSTLETHWAITE, Land Commissioner,
St. Paul, Minn.

Choice Farm Lands,
Wild and Improved.
Purest Spring Water, Fine Groves, and the Soil of
THE BEST IN THE STATE.
Prices from \$4 to \$10 per acre—
according to improvements.
J. W. SWANSTROM, Thief River Falls, Minn.

REAL ESTATE, LOANS AND INSURANCE.
FOR SALE OR RENT
FIFTY THOUSAND ACRES
Choice Polk Co. farm lands, improved and unim-
proved. Also best business and residence
property in city of Crookston.
References: First National Bank,
E. M. WALSH, - - CROOKSTON, MINN.

250,000 ACRES WILD LANDS.
TIMBER, PRAIRIE AND NATURAL MEADOWS,
\$2.50 to \$12 per acre, in TODD COUNTY,
one of the richest in the famous Park Region. Big
list improved farms; cheap, long time. Have you
money to loan on improved farms at 7 per cent net
to you? Write us.
VAN DYKE & VAN DYKE,
Long Prairie, Todd County, Minn.

CHEAP HOMES.
Have large tracts of Wild Lands in sizes to suit
purchaser at from \$2 to \$5 per acre, also a large list
of Improved Farms at from \$10 to \$15 per acre, in
Hubbard County. Farm Loans negotiated, and
Taxes paid for non-residents.
Write for information.
E. C. LINCOLN, HUBBARD, MINNESOTA.

100,000 ACRES N. P. R. R. LANDS,
\$1.75 to \$7 per acre;
50,000 ACRES IMPROVED FARMS,
\$8 TO \$20 PER ACRE.
Gilt-edge 8 per cent Minnesota farm mortgages
FOR SALE.
ISAIAH H. BRADFORD, Banking & Real Estate,
HUBBARD, MINN.

CHEAP HOMES.
N. P. R. R. Lands in Hubbard, Becker and Wadena
counties at from \$2.00 to \$5.00 per acre. Terms: one-
sixth down, balance on five years' time at 6 per cent
interest. Improved farms and meadow lands on
easy terms. Good water, good timber, good soil,
good crops, good market. Particulars cheerfully
furnished. Address, SHELL PRAIRIE BANK,
Park Rapids, Hubbard Co., Minn.

IMPROVED FARMS AND WILD LANDS
in Polk and Beltrami Counties,
\$5 to \$15 per acre.
Nearest point to the Red Lake Reservation, to open
soon. Have you money to loan on first-class im-
proved farms? Principal and interest guaranteed.
BENNETT & STREET, Attorneys at Law,
Fosston, Polk Co., MINN.

1,000,000 Acres of Land
For Sale in Northeastern Minnesota.
Do not buy land anywhere until you see our maps
and get prices. They will be sent to you FREE.
Address,
HOPEWELL CLARKE, Land Com'r, St. P. & D. R. R.,
St. Paul, Minn.

DO YOU WANT A FARM,
Improved or Unimproved?
Write me. I have sixty improved farms, \$4 to \$20
per acre, in sizes to suit you. Thousands of acres of
wild lands, \$1.25 to \$5 per acre, on your own time.
I can use your money, on improved farms, at 8
per cent, and give you good security.
H. L. GAYLORD, Fertile, Polk Co., Minn.

NORTH DAKOTA ECHOES.

Splendid Openings.

Prairie schooners are reported en route to the valley of the Jim. For the right kind of men, who know how to work the rich lands of the James River Valley, there are splendid openings. —*Fargo Argus*.

How the Land Yields.

Two hundred and seventy bushels of wheat from four and one-half acres of land is the report which Alex. McLean brings from his farm just below the mountain, at Milton,—exactly sixty bushel to the acre. The land was broken last year and sown to turnips, afterwards used as pasture, and sown to wheat last spring. This looks like a record breaker. The entire crop averaged over thirty bushels per acre.

Good State for Investors.

The Jamestown *Alert* is of the opinion that investors can find no place like North Dakota for the profitable investment of money. More than one woolen mill in the State will pay; a half a dozen or more starch factories; several fibre mills; several commercial banks—at least one in Fargo—are among the industries that will pay good profits to the men who will put their money in them. There never was a time like the present for good investments in North Dakota.

Buying North Dakota Farms.

The Griggs *Courier*, published at Cooperstown, announces that L. C. Day, of Steele County, has sold his farm consisting of 480 acres to two Dunkards for the nice sum of \$9,600. This is one of the best farms in Steele County. Last year Mr. Day raised 8,000 bushels of grain and this year 9,300 of grain from this farm. Mr. Day has done well, considering what he has made on the farm in the past and what he has sold out for. It is also a good investment for the purchasers,

and we bespeak for them a grand future. It is stated on good authority that many other fine farm properties in the State have recently changed hands, the purchasers being new-comers from States farther east.

What Energy can Accomplish.

James Black came to North Dakota in 1891, and when he landed in Carrington he had just \$7 in money. He worked out a while and then took a quarter-section of land as a homestead and went to farming for himself. This year he had a big crop and, after all his debts were paid, will have, counting his land and stock at a reasonable value, \$2,000 above his indebtedness. This is the result of four years' labor, and still some people kick on North Dakota. —*Carrington Independent*.

A Successful Young Farmer.

Archib. Nicholson, of Rose Hill, has given a practical demonstration of what a young man can do in North Dakota. Last October he purchased a quarter-section of land from David Morris, agreeing to pay for it \$1,800 in half of the crop raised each year until this amount has been paid. This year he raised 2,500 bushels of wheat, 1,600 bushels of oats, and 500 bushels of barley. Besides raising this crop Mr. Nicholson did work enough outside to make his living, and he decided to turn over to Mr. Morris all of the wheat raised this year, which will pay over half the entire indebtedness on the farm, and this all done the first year with one crop! Mr. Nicholson says that he is only sorry that he did not buy a farm and get down to business five years ago when he first came to this country. There is no place in the world where a young man has so many opportunities to get to the front as in North Dakota. —*Carrington Independent*.

Farmers of the Red River Valley.

The Red River Valley has an army of settlers who, but a few years ago, bid adieu to the old

home in the East, leaving the old homestead and the scenes of their childhood, and pushed their way Westward to the mark of their high ambition, the "Land of the Dakotas," many of whom found their ideal spot for a home in the beautiful valley which has since become famous for its No. 1 hard wheat.

Some of these sturdy pioneers were poor in purse, but rich in energy and enterprise. They were pushing men, who, for several years past, have toiled early and late to secure for themselves and their loved ones a pleasant, quiet home. By their diligence and enterprise they have aided in building up a substantial and prosperous country, which has been settled by sturdy men—a country possessed of excellent railroad accommodations and an unlimited supply of good water, and have added to their own wealth and prosperity. —*Fargo (N. D.) Record*.

North Dakota's Rapid Growth.

It is not many years ago since the first homestead patent was issued in North Dakota. The land-office for what is now the entire State, was at Pembina, and the first man to get a homestead patent for living on land and complying with the conditions, was Hon. N. E. Nelson of Pembina. This filing, according to the Jamestown (N. D.) *Alert*, was made Dec. 19, 1870—not twenty-five years ago. Settlement of North Dakota was remarkably rapid. The development of the State's comparatively unknown resources has been exceeded in shortness of time by no Western State. After a lull of a few years, during which settlement has proceeded more slowly owing to low prices of farm products, the indications now are for a returning movement of immigration and the advent of new and desirable settlers who will make the prairie their permanent home.

This second movement of immigration is seen in all parts of the State, and the class of people coming are not foreigners either exclusively or chiefly, but American farmers.

NORTH DAKOTA FARM LANDS.

North Dakota offers excellent opportunities for new settlers to engage in diversified farming. Climate and soil are well adapted for wheat, corn, oats, rye, barley, flax, potatoes, millet and hay. Land is very cheap. It is a peculiarly healthy country. The population of the State is only about 200,000, and at least a million people can be supported in comfort on the soil. The farms advertised below are recommended by this magazine as responsible. They solicit correspondence from intending settlers.

ALBERT M. POWELL, Real Estate, Immigration Agent and Land Attorney, Choice Farms for sale or rent. **DEVILS LAKE, N. Dak.**

J. L. RICHMOND & SON, Established 1884, **MINNEAPOLIS, N. Dak.** Farm Lands and Loans. Write us.

90,000 acres choice wild lands and improved farms in Steele Co. Cash or crop payment plan. Cor. invited. **M. B. CASSELL & CO., Sherbrooke, N. D.**

FOR SALE—Coal Mines, Stock Ranches, and Farms, both improved and unimproved. Address **C. B. LITTLE**, Pres. Capital Nat. Bank, Bismarck, N. Dak. **CAPITAL NATIONAL BANK** buys and sells County Warrants, State, County and School Bonds. Collections made. Correspondence solicited.

ADOLPHE BESSIE, County Justice of the Peace, **DANIEL BESSIE**, Established, 1884. **ADOLPHE BESSIE & SON**, Real Estate, Loans and Investment Brokers. Improved and unimproved farms in the Red River Valley a specialty. **WAHPETON, N. Dak.**

Lands in the Red River Valley and State of N. D. Low prices. Easy terms. Very desirable and tracts on crop payment plan. **Lands** negotiated upon first-class security, first mortgage lien, title perfect, at good rates of interest. Red River Valley loans a specialty. **J. R. FOLSOM, Box 1731, Fargo, N. Dak.**

HENRY U. THOMAS, County Judge, **MINNEAPOLIS, N. Dak.** For rent or sale, over fifty improved Farms in Benson County.

BARNES COUNTY. **REAL ESTATE, LOANS AND COLLECTIONS.** I have on my books a large list of the finest farms in the State; also 300,000 acres unimproved Barnes Co. land. Correspondence solicited. **JOS. J. BARCLAY**, Valley City, N. Dak.

ADAMS & FRESS, **Lisbon, N. Dak.** **IMPROVED FARM LANDS** In Ransom and Sargent Counties. We sell on crop payment plan if desired. All correspondence will be replied to.

I HAVE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY THOUSAND ACRES OF LAND. Improved and unimproved, for sale or rent on most favorable terms as to price and time of payment, situated in Central North Dakota. Address or call on **B. S. RUSSELL**, Jamestown, N. Dak.

TWO HUNDRED IMPROVED FARMS FOR SALE OR RENT in Wells and Eddy Counties, on easy cash terms or on crop payment plan. Also unimproved Farm Lands very cheap. Write for prices and terms to **F. E. OWEN**, State Bank, New Rockford, N. Dak. Collections for non-residents attended to promptly.

FOR prices on choice Farm and Grazing Lands, in the great Pomona Valley, La Moure Co. address **EDGELEY LAND INV. CO., Edgeley, N. D.**

IMPROVED AND UNIMPROVED FARM LANDS FOR SALE, ON CROP PAYMENT PLAN. Also **N. P. R. R. Co.'s** cheap Wild Lands, a very choice and cheap list. Call on me before purchasing. **WM. GLASS**, Cooperstown, N. Dak.

WELLS & DICKEY COMPANY, Established 1884. Offer for sale and to rent **IMPROVED FARMS** in every county in the James River Valley, **ON CROP PAYMENT PLAN.** Write for full list of lands, with prices. **JAMESTOWN, N. Dak.**

NOW IS YOUR CHANCE TO GET GOOD CHEAP LANDS. If you want a Farm, improved or unimproved, large or small, I can suit you. My terms and prices are within the reach of all. For full information write me. **THOS. J. BAIRD**, Lakota, Nelson Co., N. Dak.

BEISEKER, DAVIDSON & CO. Immigration Agents, Carrington, N. Dak. **T. L. BEISEKER**, Pres. Wells County Bank, Sykeston, N. D. **C. H. DAVIDSON, JR.**, Pres. Carrington State Bank. Agents in N. Dak. of the Sykes Estate of England. 100,000 acres of Farm Lands for sale in Wells, Foster and adjoining counties, North Dakota.



AN OMAHA YARN.

From Omaha comes a story that is amusingly characteristic of the enterprise of the suburban real estate dealer. It seems that a farmer came into town the other day, called at an agent's office and said that he wanted to trade his farm for some city lots.

"All right," said the dealer; "get into my buggy and I'll drive you out to see some of the finest residence sites in the world—water, sewer, paved streets, cement sidewalks, electric light and shade trees."

They drove on for several miles, getting pretty far out into the country. The agent's horses went fast, and his tongue still faster as he expatiated upon the beauty of the surroundings, the convenience of the location, its proximity to the city, the abundant means of communication, the improvements made or projected, and the certainty of a rapid increase in the value of the lots. He had reached the middle of his oration when he incidentally asked his companion—

"Where did you say your farm was?"

"Oh," the other answered, "we passed it coming out here. It's about two miles nearer town."

HELP FOR THE FARMER.

The official in charge of the correspondence of the agricultural department in Washington a few years ago, was a gentleman of education and polish. But, above all, he was a conscientious and consummate letter-writer. All the courteous expressions of governmental epistles were at his fingers' ends, and it was a pleasure to him to impart to them a graciousness that Government letters sometimes lack.

He received a scrawly letter one day. It was from Hosea Jones, of Goose Run, Wis. It was addressed to the "Agricultural Department, Wash'n'tn, D. C.," and it said: "Sir, I want a agreecultural repot't, an' beln' in the farmin' b'sness I orter git it."

Now, there are many agricultural reports, of many dates and on many topics, and a request for one or more of these valuable and absorbing volumes should, of necessity, be more specific than Mr. Jones' request was. The official, having plenty of time, and seeing a chance for harmless pleasantries, indited an elaborate letter to the farmer, informing him of the eagerness with which the Government desired to give the husbandmen of the nation all the information it had obtained as the result of scientific and practical research. This and more he wrote of the agricultural department's solicitude for the farmer, and then, indicating the desirability of a specific statement as to the date of the subject of the report desired, he closed with the assurance of the secretary's esteem.

Mr. Jones responded promptly and somewhat laconically. "I don't give a —," he wrote, "what the book is about or when it was rote. I want it fur a skrap book."—*New York World.*

HOW HE EUCURED THE BUGS.

The following story tells how, thirty-two years ago, Colonel Sinnott took charge of the Umatilla House at the Dalles, Washington, which he has owned and managed ever since that time. The colonel came down from the mines and, stopping at the old hotel, complained to the proprietor, Mr. Newman, that the bed-bugs had driven him out of his room and that he had taken his blankets and slept in the hall to get away from them. Mr. Newman listened patiently to the tale of woe, and when it was concluded, remarked:

"If you think you can run this house any better than I am doing you had better take it."

"All right," said the colonel, "what are your terms?"

An offer being made that the colonel thought reasonable, he accepted it, and although he had but \$40 he closed the bargain and took possession. In company with his brother he had, a year or two before, managed the old Columbia Hotel at Portland, but which had been closed on account of the property becoming too valuable to be used for the purpose and

for the reason that other buildings were about to be erected upon the site. The colonel still owned the furniture and had it shipped up, taking the late Major Handley into partnership with him. The hotel, under the new management, soon took the lead and became the headquarters for the merchants and miners who, in those days, comprised the traveling public.—*Pendleton (Or.) East Oregonian.*

A REMINISCENCE OF BOOTH.

Bayard Taylor came on from his home in Kennett and took an apartment in East Twelfth Street, and once a week Mrs. Taylor and he received their friends there, with a simple and charming hospitality.

There was another house which we very much resorted to—the house of James Lorimer Graham, afterwards consul-general at Florence, where he died. I had made his acquaintance at Venice three years before, and I came in for my share of that love for literary men which all the perversities of their nature could not extinguish in him. It was a veritable passion, which I used to think he could not have felt so deeply if he had been a literary man himself.

There were delightful dinners at his house, where the wit of the Stoddards shone, and Taylor beamed with joyous good-fellowship and overflowed with invention; and Huntington, long Paris correspondent of the *Tribune*, humorously tried to talk himself into the resolution of spending the rest of his life in his own country.

There was one evening when C. P. Cranch, always of a most pensive presence and aspect, sang the most killing comic songs; and there was another evening when, after we all went into the library, something tragical happened.

Edwin Booth was of our number, a gentle, rather



AN UNSOLVED PROBLEM.

WIFE—"Why, I declare, that Isabel Tomboy is married. How do some girls get husbands?"

HUSBAND (meekly)—"I don't know. You ought to know best."

silent person in company, or with at least little social initiative, who, as his fate would, went up to the cast of a huge hand that lay upon one of the shelves.

"Whose hand is this, Lorry?" he asked our host as he turned it over in both his hands. Graham feigned not to hear, and Booth asked again:

"Whose hand is this?"

Then there was nothing for Graham but to say: "It's Lincoln's hand," and the man for whom it meant such unspeakable things, put it down softly without a word.—*W. D. Howells in Harper's Magazine.*

THEY DEPARTED.

Not long ago some ladies went to see Joaquin Miller. The poet declined to be seen because he was busy, but the ladies forced their way in. Said Miller: "Ladies, I am busy;" but they stood and gazed at him. "Ladies," he repeated, "I am busy," and he took off his coat and shoes. Still the ladies did not stir. Then Miller said: "Ladies, I am about to take a bath; you may consult your own wishes about remaining." They did not remain.

THE SLEEVE HID HER.

The superintendent of the Junior League in a city in North Dakota was drilling the children for a concert. Standing before them she said: "Now, I want Kate Smith—where is she? She was here just a moment ago. Oh, dear! you children have plagued me so by running out, and now Kate is gone just when I wanted her."

Just then a hearty laugh ran through the crowd as a little voice said: "Here I am, Mrs. K., right under your sleeve!"

The Poet's Dream



Rare combination
of High Grade Tobaccos.

Put that in
your pipe and
smoke it!



Endorsed by thoughtful smokers everywhere. It will fit your pipe. Live dealers sell it everywhere. If yours does not, send his name and

25c for 2 oz. sample

40c for 4 oz. sample

To the maker

W. S. DENNIS,
St. Paul.

"BIG FOUR"--

C. & O. ROUTE

—TO—

Washington, Baltimore,
Philadelphia,

THE HEALTH AND PLEASURE RESORTS

OF THE

ALLEGHANY AND BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS.

OLD POINT COMFORT,

The Most Beautiful Scenery in the World.

Magnificent trains leave CHICAGO daily at 9:00 a. m. and 8:00 p. m., elegantly equipped with Buffet parlor cars, Wagner sleeping cars, private compartment cars, elegant coaches, making direct connections in Central Union Station, Cincinnati, with through trains of the Chesapeake & Ohio route.

HOT SPRINGS, VA.,

"The Mecca of the Tourist and Invalid," right in the heart of the picturesque Alleghanies, has afforded health and rest for many generations.

Through Palace Sleeping Cars Between

St. Louis, Indianapolis and Washington, D. C.

See that your tickets read via Big Four route and Chesapeake & Ohio Railway.

J. C. TUCKER, G. N. A. Big Four Route.

U. L. TRUITT, N. W. P. A. Big Four Route and C. & O. Ry.

234 Clark Street, Chicago.

E. O. McCORMICK,

Pass. Traffic Manager.

D. B. MARTIN,

Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agt.

THE W. S. TYLER WIRE WORKS CO.,

Cleveland, Ohio.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Double • Crimp • Mining • Cloths,

From Brass, Copper, Steel and Iron Wire.
Office Railings, Wire Guards and Wire Work of every description.

TRANSPORTATION LINES.

GOING TO CHICAGO
OR ANYWHERE EAST?

If you are, see that your ticket from Minneapolis, St. Paul or Duluth reads via

"THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE,"

(C. St. P. M. & O. Ry.)

Three (3) FIRST-CLASS TRAINS leave Minneapolis and St. Paul for Chicago on arrival of trains from the West, as follows:

Leave Minneapolis 7:30 a. m.; St. Paul 8:10 a. m.

Daily. Badger State Express. Has parlor car to Chicago. Arrive Milwaukee 8:00 p. m.; Chicago 9:45 p. m.

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NO BACTERIA IN MOUNTAIN AIR—A Swiss scientist has been testing the presence of bacteria in the mountain air, and finds that not a single microbe exists above an altitude of 2,000 feet.

TO DETECT ADULTERATED COFFEE—The best way to ascertain whether coffee has been adulterated is to pour cold water on it. If pure, it will color the water very slightly; if mixed with chicory, the water will take a brownish hue.

AN INDIAN'S HORSEMANSHIP—An interesting illustration of the Indian's clever horsemanship was given by a young buck at Wilbur, Wash., some time ago. Carrying in his hand an ordinary cup brimful of water, he rode on a cayuse at full gallop the length of the main street and returned without spilling so much as a drop.

OSMIUM A VALUABLE METAL—Iridium is now quoted in the market at \$15 an ounce, and osmium at \$60 an ounce. The latter, it will be observed, is nearly three times as precious as gold. Iridium and platinum are the only metals that are heavier than gold. The former is utilized to some extent for making scientific instruments, not being susceptible to corrosion.

ONE SHOP IN TWO COUNTRIES—At Nogales, Arizona, an enterprising citizen has a general shop, the merchandise department of which is in the United States, while his cigar-stand is on the outside just across the Mexican boundary line. A customer can buy his cigars in the United States and reach over into Mexico, where the cigar-case stands, and select his weed. Thus are the duties evaded.

WOOD THAT WOULDN'T BURN—Government Surveyor Meyer and party have returned to Chamberland, S. D., after several weeks' work on the Lower Brule Indian Reservation. They report that while in the field they discovered a whole tree that was in an excellent state of petrification. The wood was cut in stove-wood lengths, and looked so natural that the men who found it started to gather it for fuel. An Indian who lived near by informed the finders that the tree was cut in 1857, and had never been molested since.

ANTIQUITY OF THE HARP—Mr. W. S. Macdonald, of Glasgow, in a recent lecture before the Highland Society of London, traced the history of the harp from the shadows of mythology to the present day. It is, he said, the first musical instrument on record and was the principal one of ancient and medieval times. All the skill and artistic genius of the Egyptians was lavished upon its design and decoration. The Druids first brought the tone and pitch of the harp to perfection. It attained the height of its favor in modern times in 1810, when Sebastian Erard, of London, brought it to the front rank of musical instruments. It has been inseparably connected with the traditions and lore of the Gaelic people from time immemorial.

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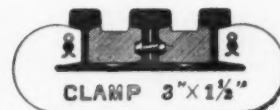
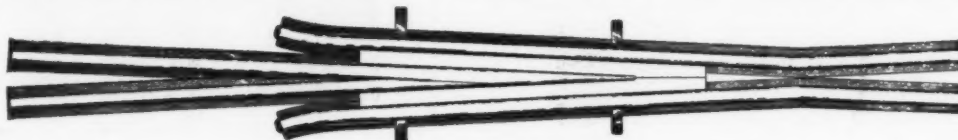
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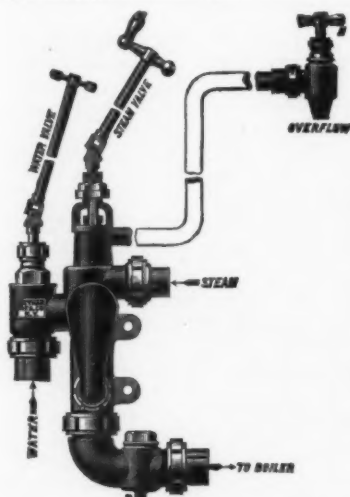
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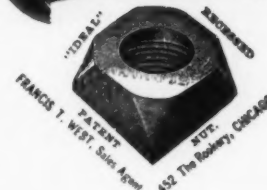
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El yo' can't kick hahd, doan' make de motions.—
Thomas Cat.

De sad man at a game ob poker is de man toe watch.—
Thomas Cat.

"It was a fine sight," said Mrs. Partington, "to see the Charlie Club riding up the street on their bacilli."

Jimson—"You say you and your wife never quarrel?"
Bimson—"Never. You see, when she fires up, I go out."

Man-afraid-of-the-soap (as member of Army Bicycle Corps dashes by)—"Much lazy sojer. Walk sittin' down!—Ugh!"

Cricket—"Getting pretty cold in the marsh, isn't it?"
Frog—"Yes, I have all I can do to keep from croaking."—*Minneapolis Times.*

He—"I wonder what she meant by telling me she could never marry a man?"
She—"Perhaps she said it to encourage you."

Magistrate—"The evidence shows that you threw a brick at a man."

Mrs. McDuff—"Shure an' it shows more than that, yer honor. It shows that the brick shtruck him."



CRUELTY REBUKED.

Clara—"Oh, Charlie, why don't you leave the poor dog alone? Can't you see that you are annoying him?"

The latest popular song is entitled "When His Love Grew Cold." We haven't heard it, but have no doubt it refers to the first time he saw her in bloomers.—*Crookston (Minn.) Times.*

"What do you think of that?" said Mr. Taddells to his wife, as the two looked at an Egyptian mummy.
"I think the gentleman must have been pressed for time," replied Mrs. Taddells.

An Irish lawyer who had a point in his argument ruled out by the judges, exclaimed: "If it plaze the court, if I am wrong in this wan, I have another point which is aqualy conclloosive."

Mr. Jones—"They tell me big sleeves are going out."
Mr. Williams—"Well, I'm glad to hear it. I live in a flat, and when my wife and I spend an evening together I have to sit out in the hall."

Old Man—"That cat made an awful noise in the back garden last night."

Young Man—"Yes, father; I suppose that since he ate the canary he thinks he can sing."

"Fie, Mollie!" quoth Reuben to Mary;
"Tis a pity we two can't agree."
"Fie, Mollie!" is good, sir," she answered;
"But you'll find you can't Mollie-fie me."

THE ELEPHANT'S EXCUSE.—"Why, where is the big elephant," exclaimed a youngster at the street corner as he failed to discover Rajah in the procession.

"Humph! don't you know?" sneered a youth at his elbow. "No; why isn't he here?" "Cause dey wouldn't check his trunk."—*Sauk Center (Minn.) Avalanche.*

"Hello," said the market editor as he met the dentist; "what do you figure the acher-age today?" "Two molars, a bicuspid and an ulcerated tooth," replied the man with the pull. And then they hit the soda fountain.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

"When I wath a little boy," lisped a very stupid masher to his young lady, "all my ideath in life were thentered on being a clown."

"Well, there is at least one case of gratified ambition," was the reply.—*Spare Moments.*

Lawyer—"You say the prisoner stole your watch. What distinguishing feature was there about the watch?"

Witness—"It had my sweetheart's portrait in it."

Lawyer—"Ah, I see! A woman in the case."

A cyclone one day on a 'cycle

Ran over an old man called Michael;

"Be the powers," said he,

"That air was on me,

It came pretty near being my call."

—*Minneapolis Journal.*

"I am on my way home, doctor," said a parsimonious city alderman who was fond of getting advice gratis, meeting a well-known physician, "and I am thoroughly tired and worn out. What bought I to take?"
"Take a cab," replied the intelligent medico.

NOT THE ANSWER ANTICIPATED.—"Does the wind blow this way all the time out here?" asked a visitor of an old resident at the celebration at Fort Harrison yesterday. "No, it doesn't," the old resident replied, as he held up a straw to show which way the wind blew. "It blows the other way a part of the time."—*Helena (Mont.) Independent.*

"Not a single one," cried Phyllis, Cresting high her pretty head; But her lover caught her to him, Kissing twice her lips so red. "Sir!" she cried, with flaming color. "This indignity you'll rue." "But, dear Phyl," he said meekly. "You said nothing about two."

THE WRONG INSTRUMENT.—Irate Father: "Here I've paid you, no telling how much money, to teach my daughter music, and she can't play any better than she did before. Whose fault is that?" Prof. Van Note: "Ze fault of ze instrument. I haf von instrument in my shop vich she learn to blay soon." Irate Father: "Hub! Is it like this?" Prof. Van Note: "It looks like zis piano, but it goes mit a crank."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

FIFTY YEARS HENCE.—"Where did these infernally ugly neckties come from?" "Why, Mary," he responded tearfully, "I thought they were so pretty, and that you would like them! I bought them for twenty-four cents at Mindorff, Nicholson & Bangs, reduced from twenty-five."—*Forgo (N. D.) Sun.*

"Algernon, dear, we must take up some kind of reform this year. Now, if I take up dress reform, what will you take?"

"Chloroform."—*Columbia Falls (Mont.) Columbian.*

"What does this 'new woman' talk mean, John?" "Hit means, Maria," replied the old farmer, "that women air a-takin' the places wath men occupied. You'll find the plow right where I left it, an' when you sharpen the ax, you kin sail into a dozen cords o' wood, an' I'll have supper a billin' when you git home!"—*Kent (Wash.) Journal.*

NEEDED NO CORRECTION.—"S. A. L. O. N." read the weary wanderer. Then he went in. "Say, old man," he said to the ruling genius, "your sign ain't spelt right. It needs another O." "Aber I guess not," said Mr. Guggenschmiltz. Dey vas too many owes around dieses place now alretty yet." Sighing, the wanderer departed.

Master—"Pat, I've a suspicion that either you or I was drunk last night."

Pat—"O!ve a suspicion av that kind mesilf, sor."

Master—"Well, Pat, you rascal, which one of us was it?"

Pat—"Will, sor, O!ll not be castin' any reflections, so O! won't say; but O! do be sayin' that O! invied ye."

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

Is Happy, Fruitful Marriage.



Every Man Who Would Know the Grand Truths; the Plain Facts; the New Discoveries of Medical Science as Applied to Married Life; Who Would Atone for Past Errors and Avoid Future Pitfalls, Should Secure the Wonderful Little Book, Called "Complete Manhood, and How to Attain It."

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"Well, I tell you the first day is one I'll never forget. I just bubbled with joy. I wanted to hug everybody and tell them my old self had died yesterday and my new self was born today. Why didn't you tell me when I first wrote that I would find it this way?"

Another wrote thus: "If you dumped a carload of gold at my feet it would not bring such gladness into my life as your method has done."

Write to the ERIC MEDICAL COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y., and ask for the little book called "COMPLETE MANHOOD." Refer to this paper, and the company promises to send the book, in sealed envelope, without any marks, and entirely free, until it is well introduced.



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PRICES OF LANDS IN

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IN THE RED RIVER VALLEY IN MINNESOTA, from \$4 to \$10 per acre.

IN NORTH DAKOTA, from \$2 to \$5 per acre.

IN MONTANA, from \$2 to \$5 per acre.

IN IDAHO, from \$2 to \$10 per acre.

IN WASHINGTON, from \$3 to \$10 per acre.

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THOS. COOPER, Western Land Agt., TACOMA, WASH.

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Investigate and make your purchase before prices advance materially.

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